THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXVII. NO. 12. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1899. Single Copies 5 Cents.

# A RUNAWAY HUSBAND.

## The Rash Resolve of a Man Who Failed---An Unexpected Tragedy---How a Fortune Came to Him.

By ALFRED R. TOZER.
(Copyright, 1898, by the Author.)

SYNOPSIS.

[Eliet Marsh, in his youth a city resident, marries in the country, and attempts to conduct a farm, but seemingly makes a failure of life. Believing that his wife has lost faith in his ability to make a livelihood, he finally decides to run away from her and his children and go to the city. In making his escape he falls in with Eugene Raynor, a banker's son, who is hunting on an island. Raynor's father holds a mortgage on Marsh's farm, and Eugene has the paper with him, and proposes calling on Marsh for settlement. After Marsh and Raynor have met and parted young Raynor is murdered by two tramps, and suspicion naturally falls on Marsh, who, without knowing that the tragedy had occurred, is making his way toward the city under an assumed name.]

CHAPTER III.

THE RUNAWAY'S WIFE.

Eliet Marsh trudged slowly along toward the city, thinking fearfully of his past ill fortune and his present discomfort, for it was by no means pleasant walking there in the heat and dust, and, besides, it was past the dinner hour at home, and he began to experience the pangs of hunger. Dinner hour at home! He wondered if he would ever partake of another dinner in the home he had left behind.

He did not blame himself for his many failures. He thought he had done his best, and concluded that the trouble had all come from his being out of his sphere, and not knowing how to take advantage of his environment. He had mortgaged the homestead—and without an angry protest from his wife—and lost the money in a business venture of which he alone had had control, but he found plenty of excuses for that, too. He did not know how dishonest people were, he thought. When he got to the city, he meant to look upon every person as an enemy, trying to take advantage of him, and govern himself accordingly.

He congratulated himself on having met Eugene Raynor so opportunely on the island, and built up a very delightful fairy castle for the future, all based on the friendship and assistance of the young banker. If he could have known what was even then taking place on the island, how suddenly his pretty day dreams would have vanished!

In the meantime his wife was watching from the windows of the neat little sitting room, wondering why Eliet had not attended service that morning, and why he did not come home to dinner.

That afternoon was one of the most uncomfortable periods of her life. Half a dozen times she imagined some distant pedestrian to be her recreant husband, and thought what she should say to him. At first she had only angry words for him; then, as the period of his absence lengthened, she thought of mild reproaches; then, only anxious inquiries as to the cause of his strange conduct.

Just before dusk she let the chickens out of the park, left the children to keep them away from the garden, and went over to the pasture lot to milk the cow, a thing she had not done before in many years. As she reached the bars, she thought she saw a man watching the house from a hazel thicket which ran along one side of the zig-zag rail fence, but she was not certain, and went on her way thinking she must have been mistaken.

On her return to the house, however, she was positive she saw a strange face peeping around the corner of the barn, and the incident frightened her. The children were playing where they must also have seen the unwelcome visitor, but she did not question them for fear of making them afraid. But she waited anxiously for them to return to the house, thinking they might mention the circumstance if they had seen anything unusual.

She held the message in her fluttering fingers making no effort to open it.

She gave them their supper of bread and milk and cookies at the kitchen table and sat down in the sitting room door, that she might have an unobstructed view of the highway. Presently what she dreaded to hear came from the lips of the boy:

"Ma," he said, "why don't pa come home, and what did that man want out at our barn?"

"Did you see a man at the barn?" she asked, ignoring the first part of the question.

"Course I did," was the reply, 'an' he just stood there an' watched the house. What did he do that for?"

"I don't know, dear," was the reply. "Did you see him, Mary?"

"Yes, was the answer, "an' when you come in the house he went down by the woods an' talked with another man. What makes them hang around our house? Just cause pa is gone?"

The frightened woman did not know what to think. She sat for a moment like one paralyzed, then arose and drew on her sunbonnet.

"Come," she said to the children, "if you have done your supper we'll walk over to Babcock's. Perhaps pa is over there."

"Ain't you goin' to eat?" demanded Mary.

"Not until we come back," was the reply.

"Mebbe pa's got drowned, like Si Eldred did," suggested the boy. "Then will we have the parson an' all the neighbors here, an' have cake an' pie for dinner like they did over to Eldred's?"

Silas Eldred had been drowned while fishing at the lake a few days before, and the funeral and the excitement of the time had made a great impression on the children.

The troubled woman did not reply. She took down the childrens' hats, put them on, locked the house securely, and led the way across the fields to the nearest neighbor's.

Approaching the house from the rear, she noticed half a dozen men standing about the well, seemingly conversing in an excited manner.

"Say!" called out the boy, "is papa there. He hain't been home all day. He'll get Jesse when ma gets hold of him."

The men laughed, and Mr. Babcock advanced to meet the little party of three. Mrs. Marsh thought his face looked unusually pale and grave, and she wondered why the rest of the men, two of whom were strangers, turned their faces away when she looked at them, but regarded her intently when she did not seem to be looking at them.

"Walk right in," said the farmer. "You will find the women folks at the front of the house. All well, I suppose?"

Mrs. Marsh nodded and passed on, but the boy broke away from her detaining hand and made for the group of men by the well.

"I'm goin' to stay here an' come in with pa," he called.

Mr. Babcock caught him playfully by the shoulder.

"Your papa is not here," he said. "You had better go along with your mother. See, she is motioning for you."

The boy trudged back reluctantly, and Mrs. Marsh went on into the house, wondering what the men were talking about that the boy might not remain with them.

"I wonder what she'll do now?" said one of the men as Mrs. Marsh disappeared through the kitchen door of the farm house. "She's a little set in her way, but one of the nicest women that ever lived."

"She'll go back to her folks, I guess," said another. "They're quite well off."

"I guess you don't know her as well as I do," remarked a third. "She'll stay right there an' run that farm, an' do it enough sight better than he did, too."

"We may all be mistaken," said another. "Perhaps Eliet didn't have a thing to do with that affair on the island."

"Then how do you account for his hat being there, right in the clutch of the murdered man?" demanded one of the strangers, who was heavy-faced and sharp-eyed, and wore the badge of a deputy sheriff under the lapel of his coat.

"Yes," suggested his mate, "and how did he get off the island if he didn't go in Taylor's boat all night enough. There'll be a big reward offered tomorrow, and I'm goin' to watch his house nights. He'll come creepin' home between now an' mornin'."

"Well," said Babcock, "I'm sorry for the woman. Guess I'll go into the house an' see what she's got to say."

As he turned away in the direction of the kitchen door one of the officers beckoned to him and walked along by his side for a moment when he went on again. "See if she knows anything about it," he said. "He may be home now for all we know. If he don't come by mornin' I've got a notion to look through the house."

"Don't do that," replied the kind-hearted farmer. "It would scare the woman to death."

"Well, law's law, an' duty's duty," was the reply, "an' I want to do what is right. We mustn't let no murderer escape."

"Let's not cross any bridges until we come to 'em," said Babcock. "A good many things may happen between now an' mornin'. But I must git into the house," he added, "for the woman folks may let the whole thing out."

When he entered the best room, the Women were sitting in awkward silence. His

said the mother, gazing, and you must stay here and be good children while I go to the village."

"Will you buy me a new doily, too?" demanded the girl. "The stuffin' is all out of Mary Ann."

"When papa comes home," was the reply.

Mrs. Marsh changed her dress, put on her best hat—an unusual thing to do on a week day—and hastened toward the village. The neighbors who had watched the mail-order boy now watched her, but she wanted to keep the news for her own and hurried on to talk it over with Elliet, as she told them nothing. Only to think of Elliet having a million!

She thought the villagers eyed her curiously as she passed down the one street, at the foot of which was the telegraph office, and she wondered if the operator had disclosed her secret. Once she heard her husband's name mentioned by a man standing in a group of farmers at the door of a store, and stopped to listen, prodded by curiosity, a piece of dress goods lying in the show window.

The men evidently did not know her, for the conversation was kept up.

"Yes," they said, "it mighty funny about Marsh going off so suddenly, but—"

She passed on without hearing what followed.

The operator, who knew her, looked up in surprise as she entered the office, but she would say her dispatch was private if he without a word.

Just then a train came puffing up to the station platform and half a dozen men stepped off.

"There's the sheriff now," said a man, standing in the door, "and we'll soon know all about it."

"Have they caught him?" asked another.

"Not yet," was the reply; "but they have a clue."

"Is the man dead?" demanded a third. "He was pretty low last night."

No one answered.

The operator ticked off the dispatch and hastened out. The next moment he was in earnest conversation with the sheriff.

Mrs. Marsh's message to the lawyers read:

"Mr. Marsh is now on his way to New York."

Had she furnished the officers a clue?

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

The telegraph operator talked with the sheriff a minute and he hastened back to the place where Mrs. Marsh was standing. The officials, pointed her out to the sheriff and stood by the window with his hands in his breeches pockets.

"And so Mr. Marsh has gone to New York?" said the sheriff, smiling up into the women's face, for he was thin and short of stature. "When do you expect him back?"

"I can't say," was the reply. "Probably in a couple days."

"Must have gone off sudden like," said the sheriff, "and by some other train as he bought no ticket here."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marsh, conscious of the fact that she was being quizzed, "he did go very suddenly."

Then she turned and walked out of the little station building and up the village street toward home.

"She's mighty close mouthed," said the sheriff, addressing to the ticked window where the operator stood. "I'm a great number to bear her talks for her mind when she went away, and under what circumstances. Reckon she's done clear off her us on the wrong track."

"I never thought of that," said the operator, but you can find out whether he's there or not by communicating with Sneddy & Grimes."

"Merchants?" asked the sheriff.

"Lawyers," was the brief reply.

The sheriff gave a low whistle of surprise. "Queer affairs anyway, eh?" he added, "he's a good one. They wouldn't give up a thing on that, so it's no use wasting time in that direction."

"But yourself," replied the operator, "if there is such a clue I'd have the office of those lawyers watched, and have the lawyers watched, too. Be sure to see them if he's gone to New York, and he may not expect them at his office."

"I was thinking of that," prevaricated the sheriff, whose thoughts had been running in an entirely different direction, "and I guess I'll go back to New York myself."

Mrs. Marsh didn't know what sort of a scrape she was getting those lawyers into when she sent that message. Instead of the operator, as the sheriff went out, "I suppose I had no right to send that dispatch to the sheriff at all, but I don't want to see a person's head off send it. The company trounces me up about it I'll have to stand it, that's all. I wonder what's up? Split got by his uncle's death."

And so it came about that while Elliet Marsh was slowly journeying toward Boston the pursuit took the direction of New York. He had not the unconsciousness of a very good turn in sending the dispatch, and the operator had done him another good turn in telling the sheriff about it, which, according to the rules of the company he had no right to do without compelling some higher official.

Mrs. Marsh brought the sheriff of the county to the rural town also brought a bundle of morning papers from the city, and as Mrs. Marsh walked swiftly up the street she saw the boys crying the news.

"Here's yer Herald! All about the Raynor murder!"

She hesitated a moment, considering the advisability of buying a paper, but she remembered that she had no small change and walked on. As the name of her husband had been a common headline in big type on the first page of the sheet, perhaps it was as well that she had no small change.

It was after twelve o'clock when she reached home. She engaged in the preparations for dinner with a tolerably happy heart. Elliet would soon be home, and the money he was to receive would help them out of all the hard places. The children reported that men had been there asking for their father, but she gave no special attention to the matter. Perhaps they had heard about the money that was coming to him, and were eager to see if they could not profit a little by it, for Elliet was an easy man to do business with, and all the neighbors knew it.

Elliet would have been fond of some of the dainties his wife lavishly spread on the table, knowing that day—perhaps because of the fortune that was coming, and perhaps because she wanted to give him a dinner something besides the sickness of inter ference to talk about.

At twelve o'clock the rush way was tired, dusty and hungry. It is a delightful way to sit among the comfortable surroundings of home and imagine how, near the end of the summer days, the green fields and shady forests spreading out on either hand, but the reality is a little different.

Elliet Marsh thought so, at least, as he threw himself down in a thicket some distance from the highway and closed his eyes. He was tired of walking, and had decided to take a train for Boston at the next station.

"I guess I'm far enough away from home now for it to be safe," he thought. "I'll get into Boston some time in the night, and keep shady until Wednesday, when Mr. Horace will be there. It will be a long time until after that."

Presently he began to grow drowsy, and was fast dropping into sound sleep when he heard voices farther back in the thicket.

"That's the one," said a hoarse voice. "I'll swear to it."

"How in out o' your head?" said another voice, equally hoarse. "How would his hat get there?"

"That's what I'd like to know" was the reply, "an' what I'm going to find out."

"It wasn't his hat, anyway, come to think of it," said the first voice.

"I don't know about that," was the reply. "Now, see here," said the other, "if it had been a dead man, with the worn it dark after rainin' that chap over to the main road—"

"Well," was the rejoinder, "the nobby hat ought to go with the nobby suit, and that's the nobby suit."

Elliet listened to every word with a paralyzing fear creeping down his spinal column. What could these men know about his hat? Had he left it on the road in his flight? Had he had seen no one on the island? or on the boat? He had landed on that day which now seemed about a month of.

"If I keep still," he finally concluded, "perhaps I will hear something to it right now. I'm sure these men are officers, sent here to force me back home."

And while he pondered, with his hat over his eyes, the men were stealing farther away in the direction of the highway, and while Marsh was wondering whether the men were hunting for him or for some wife and daughters looked frightened and nervous, and his wife, Elliet's mother, looked unconcerned.

"I saw you at church today," he began, addressing Mrs. Marsh. "Say, I didn't see Elliet. Too sick to be out?"

"I guess he's all right," was the reply. "He was most ready for church when I left him. Perhaps he's gone to some other church visiting. He isn't home yet."

There was a silence, and then little Mary, who had been looking out of the kitchen window, came running up to her mother.

"Ma," she cried, "there's the man I saw hanging around our barn, too," said Babcock, with an uneasy laugh. "Reckon he's after Elliet, sided, willing a fib in the interest of money."

Mrs. Marsh breathed easier. She had found out what she wanted to know, or thought she had. The men then, had been watching about the barn, and for perfectly legitimate purpose.

When she spoke it was in half an hour later, but she did find out whether he's there or not by communicating with Sneddy & Grimes."

"Merchants?" asked the sheriff.

"Lawyers," was the brief reply.

The sheriff gave a low whistle of surprise. "Queer affairs anyway, eh?" he added, "he's a good one. They wouldn't give up a thing on that, so it's no use wasting time in that direction."

"But yourself," replied the operator, "if there is such a clue I'd have the office of those lawyers watched, and have the lawyers watched, too. Be sure to see them if he's gone to New York, and he may not expect them at his office."

"I was thinking of that," prevaricated the sheriff, whose thoughts had been running in an entirely different direction, "and I guess I'll go back to New York myself."

Mrs. Marsh didn't know what sort of a scrape she was getting those lawyers into when she sent that message. Instead of the operator, as the sheriff went out, "I suppose I had no right to send that dispatch to the sheriff at all, but I don't want to see a person's head off send it. The company trounces me up about it I'll have to stand it, that's all. I wonder what's up? Split got by his uncle's death."

And so it came about that while Elliet Marsh was slowly journeying toward Boston the pursuit took the direction of New York. He had not the unconsciousness of a very good turn in sending the dispatch, and the operator had done him another good turn in telling the sheriff about it, which, according to the rules of the company he had no right to do without compelling some higher official.

Mrs. Marsh brought the sheriff of the county to the rural town also brought a bundle of morning papers from the city, and as Mrs. Marsh walked swiftly up the street she saw the boys crying the news.

"Here's yer Herald! All about the Raynor murder!"

She hesitated a moment, considering the advisability of buying a paper, but she remembered that she had no small change and walked on. As the name of her husband had been a common headline in big type on the first page of the sheet, perhaps it was as well that she had no small change.

It was after twelve o'clock when she reached home. She engaged in the preparations for dinner with a tolerably happy heart. Elliet would soon be home, and the money he was to receive would help them out of all the hard places. The children reported that men had been there asking for their father, but she gave no special attention to the matter. Perhaps they had heard about the money that was coming to him, and were eager to see if they could not

## CHAPTER IV.

### ONE DAY TOO LATE.

Having rested badly during the dark hours of the night, Mrs. Marsh as a consequence was very nervous and irritable next day. Her son, already high in the heavens, was shining with the reflected glory of the lamp which she awoke.

Her mental thought was of her recreant husband. Seeing that his place in the household was empty, she hastened up stairs to the spare room, which, on the night before, covered the house quietly during the night and found that Elliet had not been in his bed chamber.

Whether she was doomed to disappointment, for Elliet Marsh was at that moment in Boston, and at the same time cooked breakfast at a farm house not many miles distant, and was starting point. The previous day, after leaving Mrs. Babcock, he had taken a by-road by water of, and followed it through the woods, by fields, and, late at night, asked for shelter at the farm house where he was now. He was eager to get to the city. But he had not greatly overtaxed his strength in making this circuitous route, and even if he was he had been a danger he would have taken it, for he wanted to get out of the sight of those who knew him. The fact that his neighbors suspected that he had come into a fortune in the main road was sufficient to cause him to take a circuitous route, even at the cost of an extra day on the way.

The only thing he could have done under the circumstances, for, long before dawn on the previous day, officers were out scouring every inch of the highways he would naturally have taken in order to lose himself in the great city.

Those officers carried an accurate description of Elliet Marsh, and added to it was the statement that he doubtless wore a hat taken from the murdered man—a soft straw hat with a blue band—which he did. But he escaped arrest, and was entirely ignorant that he was wanted for anything more serious than running away from a home he believed he had outgrown.

So, after going for his rough breakfast, he took to the road once more, entirely unconscious of the fact that in the city in which he expected to begin a new life, and which he expected to reach by nightfall, a big posted on the dead walls, offering a reward of a thousand dollars for his capture, dead or alive!

But he was no more unconscious of this than was his suffering wife, who spent most of her time that morning gazing out of the window, in a nervous and weary frets crying and lack of sleep. Farmer Babcock came over to borrow a spade, and a conversation on some trivial errand. Pried curiously about the place, and a few moments, and went home again, where he reported to the heavy-faced man and his companion that Marsh had not yet returned.

"He won't come here now," concluded the officer. "He couldn't get home if he tried, for there's too many men watching for him. That three dollar reward will catch him before long, but he will be caught in the city, and not in the country."

"I feel sorry for his wife," said Babcock. "She's a nice woman, and I'm sorry to see her tired and anxious she looks. But she don't say a word about that guilty."

"Shaw!" was the contemptuous rejoinder. "She may know all about it. Perhaps she may know all about it. She held the papers on Marsh's place, and they are nowhere to be found. Perhaps she has them for him, then papers, an' the wife may be in the game with him."

"Look here," said Babcock, angrily, "if you want to have a vi ew keep a civil tongue in your head or Mrs. Marsh. She's thought a lot of around here, an' she's a nice woman, and not one to—"

"No offense," s' i the officer. "I'm not saying a word about that guilty. I'll let you thank you for that. Only for you I should have searched the house this morning."

Some one ought to tell her," said Babcock "but I don't like to do it. I guess I won't."

And so no one told her" and the neighbors came and went, but nothing more was nothing unusual for a Monday morning, and it being a holiday.

Just before noon Mrs. Marsh saw the one telegraph messenger in the little village, whose appearance stirred her spirits to fight from her front porch, turn the corner of the main road and approach her gate.

Others saw him, too, and he ran a sort of gauntlet of curious house fronts, and before the turn in the road and the Marsh house was reached a dozen in the road to watch the uniform cap go bobbing down the uneven path, and men at work in the fields leaned over the fences to see what the unusual excitement was about.

Mrs. Marsh met him at the door and received the message. It gen for a yellow envelope he held out to her. It was addressed to Elliet Marsh. Then the messenger of people unused to receiving messages by wire, she held it awkwardly in her fingers, and was in the act of making a timid effort to open it. Presently the messenger drew from her grasp.

"Fifteen cents for the delivery," he said in a voice that was half tempered, as he sat at the table and went in search of her purse. He noticed the sudden change in her hand, paid him, and sat down, all of a tremble, to read the telegram. The boy still lingered.

"There may be an answer," he said.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Marsh, in a confused sort of way, "I will write it at once," she said, hesitation to be alone, and the boy, with his curiosity, was the lowest order to face a dozen impertinent questions from the persons at their front doors and the men leaning on the fences. It was for which he gave unsatisfactory replies. The telegram was brief, and to not a common nature, being when it comes to the business point.

After the boy had reluctantly taken himself off Mrs. Marsh opened the envelope and read the message, which bore the New York date of that day.

"Split got killed here Saturday," it ran, "and you are sole heir by the terms of his will. Am here on business and would suggest that you come on to New York at once."

It was signed "Sneddy & Co., attorneys." Mrs. Marsh drew a deep sigh of relief.

"He must have got the uncle's death yesterday," she thought, "and come right on to Boston. Oh, I wish I had known it, for he didn't leave a note, or say something that I could send after him."

She laid the telegram away in the top drawer of a bureau, and then sat down to think it over.

Split had often heard her husband speak of his uncle, and knew that he was rich, and when particularly hard pressed, Elliet had asked him for money and had always had it never been refused. But as the remittance was usually accompanied by a long lecture, he had not written often.

"I'll bet a million," her husband had often said to himself, "that I'll be buried by my feet, if he would."

And now he came into his fortune at last.

The prospect on the farm would be cleared away and there would be no more hard work for Elliet. Then she pondered she heard the children outside, and called to them.

"Did you get a letter from pa?" demanded the boy. "I think he had better come home and help us with the hay. Elliet is today."

"He can have a new suit, new coat, dear," of the law sent out by his wife to take him home, but the message was the change of destination, the tramps were forced to take flight by the appearance of them.

They had seen him on the island in the company of the man they had assaulted and robbed, and were not sure that he had not seen them. So they retreated into the thicket, and when the boy had, of course, no suspicion of the true state of affairs.

After the talking ceased Marsh remained quiet for some moments and then cautiously raised his head and looked about. No one being in sight, he concluded that the men had gone away. Had he known what had taken place on this island after his departure, he would have followed on until they were safely in the custody of the law, and so saved himself. But he did not know.

His tried to puzzle out the meaning of these words, but failed, so he preferred to think the men were simply tramps who had witnessed his parting with Mr. Raynor, which was the truth, but not all of the truth, as the reader knows.

Presently he arose to his feet and took a small pocket-knife from his vest.

"I'm a pretty looking object to board a train," he thought. "If I could find a pool of clear water I might at least remove some of this dust."

Then he remembered crossing a brook just at the edge of the woods and moved away in that direction.

He found the stream, followed its winding course through the trees to a secluded spot, and then he paused in astonishment.

"A cool plunge will wake me up, at least," he muttered, "no harm for it."

He did not see the tramps watching him from a thicket, nor did he again look toward the spot where he had left his clothes until he had lolled in the water to his satisfaction and was ready to dress.

Then his clothes were gone, and in their place was a bundle and dirty suit of which no two pieces were alike, and which was also too large for him, as it had been much too large for the tramp, who was about his size. Even his shoes and stockings were gone, and one broken soled boot and one shoe with half the upper torn away were all that remained.

The tramps had left the hat as being too much trouble, but had wisely probably they had taken that too.

In the line of clothes on with a shudder and searched through the wood hoping to find the thief, but his search was in vain. He was sure that the thief had discovered the authors of his present misfortune, and that he must be content to endure a heating instead of the coveted garments.

But he did not realize the full force of his position that the inner pocket was bulging with papers. If he had he would probably have searched them and discovered that one of them bore his name.

The tramp had forgotten to transfer to his new suit the papers that had been stuffed into Raynor's pocket in advance of the assault on the island, and Marsh was left in possession of the whole wad.

This very interesting story will be continued next week. Advice to Ledger readers on page fifteen.

### Varacity.

There is another version which reflects far more credit upon the boy George Washington.

"Father," remarked George, "do you know what would knock that calf of yours?"

"No," answered the old man, anxiously. "I cannot tell a lie, father!" George thereupon exclaimed, with pride, "Neither do I."

Talk about veracity under stress!

*"A Cheerful Look Makes a Dish a Feast."*

*"Cheerful looks" depend just as much upon physical well-being as upon natural disposition and temperament. If the blood is disordered, the brain is starved, and no "dish is a feast," for the reason that the vitalising elements do not reach the proper spot.*

A step in the right direction is to purify the body by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla is Nature's remedy. It acts upon the blood, and therefore on each of the organs—brain, stomach, liver or kidneys, the purifying process of the blood makes them more sure and successful. *It never disappoints.*

Diphtheria.—"My daughter was troubled for two years with sore throat and tonsilitis. Was threatened with diphtheria and had to undergo an operation. Oh! He is now entirely well."—INEZ G. REED, Oak Hill Ave., Worcester, Mass.

Sun Down.—"I was weak, had no appetite, nervous and completely run down. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and felt better after the first dose. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of that."—MRS. MARIA F. HOWE, Binghamton, N. Y.

Scrofula.—"I was almost bedfast with sore legs. Was under the care of two physicians. Hood's Sarsaparilla soon made me stronger and better all the sores disappeared and scrofula stopped."—NELLIE OSMER, 414 Sharp Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

Dyspepsia.—"I suffered for 20 years with dyspepsia. Dared not eat meat, now I eat and enjoy the best. Would not be without it one day."—MRS. EMILY F. DUMB, Middleboro, Mass.

Liver and Kidneys.—"My mother was sick with congestion of the liver and kidney trouble. Nothing helped her until we got Hood's Sarsaparilla, which saved her life. She is well and hearty."—MRS. ELLA BRADBURY, Mc.

Tired Feeling.—"My appetite was capricious, my liver disordered and I was tired. Hood's Sarsaparilla relieved it all. It cured a friend of mine of female weakness."—MRS. JOSEPH A. MEADUS, Clayton, Del.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

# CONSUMPTION REACHED

### By One of Three Routes—A Timely Warning.

There are three roads which lead from health to consumption. Over one of these roads nine out of each great multitude of people who die every year of consumption. Each route begins with health and happiness and ends with disease and death.

First road: a slight cold—neglected—settles in the head or throat—chronic catarrh—extends to the lungs—consumption—death.

Second road: a slight cold—neglected cough—settles in the lungs—cough gradually growing worse — consumption — death. Third road: a cold—neglected—settles in the throat—hoarseness—short breath—consumption—death.

Thousands have just started on one of these roads, all of whom could be easily cured by Pe-ru-na. Thousands more are half way to the fatal end of one of these roads who are still curable by a course of treatment by Pe-ru-na. Yet other thousands are near the end whose last days could be made bearable and hope of recovery more probable by commencing Pe-ru-na without delay. Mrs. Eliza Heinzle, 205 Elm street, Kenton, Ohio, writes: "About a year ago I contracted a violent cold, which settled on my lungs, and for four months I ran down very rapidly, coughing up quantities of bloody mucus, and frequently hemorrhaged from the lungs. I was on the verge of the grave. My husband and my friends had given me up. Some one, however, who had tried Pe-ru-na, advised me to use it. As a last hope I bought a bottle, and, finding immediate relief from its use, continued taking it. My cough left me, and I had no more hemorrhages, and I am now as well as I ever was in my life. I thankfully attribute my present good health, and, in fact, my living at all, to the good effect of Pe-ru-na."

The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book, written by Dr. Hartman, on "Winter Catarrh."


## POWER OF A MOTHER'S VOICE.

By Charles S. Carter.

The mother sang to her child one day
A song of beautiful home and love;
Some of us only a woman sings,
But this is full of a mother's love.

And many a time in the years that came
His heart to the sound of that song went out,
It took him back to his childhood days,
It led him from the paths of wrong.

A mother spoke to her child one day
In an angry voice that filled her heart
As if an arrow had sped that way
And pierced the loving and tender heart.

And when he had grown to man's estate,
And won fame and gold, as all men are,
He felt, for that mother's angry words,
His life on his heart a lasting scar.

## A MOCK BURGLAR.

BY BARRY PAIN.

"Personally," said Betts, referring to the subscription fancy dress dance in aid of the Wopplington Mission to Imbeciles—"personally, I shall go as a burglar."

"Oh, don't said Tamplin. "Or go as the Duke of Wellington. You'd look about as much like one as you would like the other."

The difference between Betts and Tamplin was largely based on a social question. Both were young men, and otherwise moral, but neither was quite sure that the other belonged to quite the same stratum, as a matter of fact, both were 100 miles away. Betts would say, "But do you think Tamplin—a good fellow as he dogs—is quite good form?" And, changing the name to Betts, Tamplin would put the same question.

They spoke when they met, and always unpleasantly. There was nothing in the present occasion to cause the social question to arise. Both were going to go to the dance. The charity of a subscription dance is very, very wide. It is trying to cover the current ingenuous attitude of subscription all the time, and it generally does it. Nor could Betts have seen that the histrionic difficulty was involved either.

But Tamplin had an idea. About this time Tamplin took to standing apparently unmeaning drinks to Bilson. Now, Bilson was in his own grocery, and occasionally added a glory to a local dinner by waiting at it, and used to have the charge of the cloak room at the subscription dance in aid of the Wopplington Mission to Imbeciles.

And in the course of time Betts arrayed himself as a burglar. His disguise had been the subject of much thought, both on the part of himself and of Mrs. Betts. Originally, Mrs. Betts had intended to go as Queen Boadicea. A flood of bright historical light had been shed on her character, and finally an acute attack of hay fever kept her from the dance altogether. But James was to take the hatchkey in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and she was sure she could not keep herself awake if not wake her on his return. And Betts did enjoy himself. He was complimented on the complete accuracy of his costume by many burglar people. At 1 o'clock in the morning he was feeling good all over. At 2 o'clock he proceeded to one of the most enjoyable evenings of his life and go home. In the cloak room that was the charge of Bilson, to whom, maybe, his cab drove up at once and the driver, though drunk, was not nearly so nice as Betts, with every good reason, had expected.

"Lucky my way," he said to himself as he drove off.

But when he reached home he was by no means so sure that luck was in his way, for he felt in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and the key was not there. He was perfectly certain that he had put it there when he went out, and the only possible supposition was that Bilson, by carelessly handling the overcoat, had allowed the key to fall out. Well, there were several courses open to Mrs. Betts. He could throw it up as a handful of stones against the window of the room occupied by Mrs. Betts and bring her down to open the door to him. This he thought of, but with a shudder, and put it by as impossible. Mrs. Betts did not like being awakened at two in the morning. He might have waited yet a few hours and have got in with the milk, but Mrs. Betts was a curious woman—one who asked many questions and rarely believed in any answers. Or he might have returned and searched for his key in the cloak room, but this would have involved a considerable amount of chaff. No, he could not go back. He walked around the house twice, like a lonely nocturnal cat, but all the windows on the ground floor were fastened, and there were shutters behind them. The wall was just as solid as when he had left them earlies that night. He stepped back a little from the house and looked up. Yes! The window of the bath room on the ground floor had, by careless design, been left open. He would certainly reprimand Susannah severely for this neglect of her duty, but in the meantime he would help himself to it. There was a ladder at the other end of the garden. The window was out of sight of the road. Once more fortune seemed to smile. It was quite a fine, humorous thing that not only at the dance but also in the manner of his return he should keep up his burglarious character. As he placed the ladder in position the hatchkey appeared to fall out of his pocket. He laughed aloud.

Some one softly slapped him on the back, and he stopped laughing, and fortunately did not cry out. Otherwise—

He started, dropped his jimmy, and turned round. A man stood there, and, so far as Betts could judge, he was the dim light is a tightly-buttoned blue serge suit and a bowler hat.

"Kids, matey!" he said, in a husky voice. "Been a-having a game with a cop, and left him in it?"

"What do you mean?" said Betts, indignantly. "What business have you got here?"

"Choose it!" said the serge man. "What's the use? My business is the same as yours."

"I will have you know," said Betts with dignity, "that my business is to go to the dance. The charity of a subscription dance is very, very wide. It is trying to cover the current ingenuous attitude of subscription all the time, and it generally does it. Nor could Betts have seen that the histrionic difficulty was involved either.

But Tamplin had an idea. About this time Tamplin took to standing apparently unmeaning drinks to Bilson. Now, Bilson was in his own grocery, and occasionally added a glory to a local dinner by waiting at it, and used to have the charge of the cloak room at the subscription dance in aid of the Wopplington Mission to Imbeciles.

And in the course of time Betts arrayed himself as a burglar. His disguise had been the subject of much thought, both on the part of himself and of Mrs. Betts. Originally, Mrs. Betts had intended to go as Queen Boadicea. A flood of bright historical light had been shed on her character, and finally an acute attack of hay fever kept her from the dance altogether. But James was to take the hatchkey in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and she was sure she could not keep herself awake if not wake her on his return. And Betts did enjoy himself. He was complimented on the complete accuracy of his costume by many burglar people. At 1 o'clock in the morning he was feeling good all over. At 2 o'clock he proceeded to one of the most enjoyable evenings of his life and go home. In the cloak room that was the charge of Bilson, to whom, maybe, his cab drove up at once and the driver, though drunk, was not nearly so nice as Betts, with every good reason, had expected.

"Lucky my way," he said to himself as he drove off.

But when he reached home he was by no means so sure that luck was in his way, for he felt in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and the key was not there. He was perfectly certain that he had put it there when he went out, and the only possible supposition was that Bilson, by carelessly handling the overcoat, had allowed the key to fall out. Well, there were several courses open to Mrs. Betts. He could throw up a handful of stones against the window of the room occupied by Mrs. Betts and bring her down to open the door to him. This he thought of, but with a shudder, and put it by as impossible. Mrs. Betts did not like being awakened at two in the morning. He might have waited yet a few hours and have got in with the milk,


## SOMETHING NEW.

### Boys's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. W. A. free. It is the great organization for boys. Every boy should join it. It is a secret society, but has no lodges, nothing much to pay, never any dues, no fees, no initiations, no "degrees" to take, no "work" to do. It does not interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can be a member if you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and address and 2 cents in stamps, and we will take to join. Address THE STAR, Jamestown, New York.


but Mrs. Betts was a curious woman—one who asked many questions and rarely believed in any answers. Or he might have returned and searched for his key in the cloak room, but this would have involved a considerable amount of chaff. No, he could not go back. He walked around the house twice, like a lonely nocturnal cat, but all the windows on the ground floor were fastened, and there were shutters behind them. The wall was just as solid as when he had left them earlies that night. He stepped back a little from the house and looked up. Yes! The window of the bath room on the ground floor had, by careless design, been left open. He would certainly reprimand Susannah severely for this neglect of her duty, but in the meantime he would help himself to it. There was a ladder at the other end of the garden. The window was out of sight of the road. Once more fortune seemed to smile. It was quite a fine, humorous thing that not only at the dance but also in the manner of his return he should keep up his burglarious character. As he placed the ladder in position the hatchkey appeared to fall out of his pocket. He laughed aloud.

Some one softly slapped him on the back, and he stopped laughing, and fortunately did not cry out. Otherwise—

He started, dropped his jimmy, and turned round. A man stood there, and, so far as Betts could judge, he was the dim light is a tightly-buttoned blue serge suit and a bowler hat.

"Kids, matey!" he said, in a husky voice. "Been a-having a game with a cop, and left him in it?"

"What do you mean?" said Betts, indignantly. "What business have you got here?"

"Choose it!" said the serge man. "What's the use? My business is the same as yours."

"I will have you know," said Betts with dignity, "that my business is to go to the dance. The charity of a subscription dance is very, very wide. It is trying to cover the current ingenuous attitude of subscription all the time, and it generally does it. Nor could Betts have seen that the histrionic difficulty was involved either.

But Tamplin had an idea. About this time Tamplin took to standing apparently unmeaning drinks to Bilson. Now, Bilson was in his own grocery, and occasionally added a glory to a local dinner by waiting at it, and used to have the charge of the cloak room at the subscription dance in aid of the Wopplington Mission to Imbeciles.

And in the course of time Betts arrayed himself as a burglar. His disguise had been the subject of much thought, both on the part of himself and of Mrs. Betts. Originally, Mrs. Betts had intended to go as Queen Boadicea. A flood of bright historical light had been shed on her character, and finally an acute attack of hay fever kept her from the dance altogether. But James was to take the hatchkey in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and she was sure she could not keep herself awake if not wake her on his return. And Betts did enjoy himself. He was complimented on the complete accuracy of his costume by many burglar people. At 1 o'clock in the morning he was feeling good all over. At 2 o'clock he proceeded to one of the most enjoyable evenings of his life and go home. In the cloak room that was the charge of Bilson, to whom, maybe, his cab drove up at once and the driver, though drunk, was not nearly so nice as Betts, with every good reason, had expected.

"Lucky my way," he said to himself as he drove off.

But when he reached home he was by no means so sure that luck was in his way, for he felt in the ticket pocket of his overcoat, and the key was not there. He was perfectly certain that he had put it there when he went out, and the only possible supposition was that Bilson, by carelessly handling the overcoat, had allowed the key to fall out. Well, there were several courses open to Mrs. Betts. He could throw up a handful of stones against the window of the room occupied by Mrs. Betts and bring her down to open the door to him. This he thought of, but with a shudder, and put it by as impossible. Mrs. Betts did not like being awakened at two in the morning. He might have waited yet a few hours and have got in with the milk,


## THE LAND OF SWEET SOMETIME.

Over the water we'll sail some day
To the land of Pozzoni's Powder;
And we'll gaze on the face for a week and a day,
In the ripples of gold on the lower bay
Of the land of Sweet Sometime.

It's over the river in Somebayville,
By the lake of Soonto-be,
And you can go there on any bill
That rises out of the laughing rill,
In the land of Sometime.

It's always summer—the whole year through
In the land of Sometime.
There are happy skies that are deep and blue,
And soft as the down of a baby's shoe,
To whomsoever your command
Sets sail for the land of the Sweet Sometime.
The land of Sometime.

### This Is True.

I have announced a positive cure for all female diseases and for all kidney troubles. If you have used it from any cause or in either one, or any of the common disorders peculiar to your sex, such as nervousness, prostration, irregularities, etc., I will gladly mail a box free of the remedy that cured me. Address

MRS. C. B. MASON, Box 78, Kokomo, Ind.

## The Modern Maiden.

"Say you will be mine," he pleaded. But she said:

"You have been very kind to me," she said.

"And I swear to devote the balance of my life to you," he protested.

"But you know I always have been married," she answered. "I admit that you have paid me considerable attention, and have given me my favorite flowers and kept me supplied with candy and the writers. It was very thoughtful of you."

"I was only kind—"

"And easily, George—you seldom let me be without it. It must have taken a great deal of your time to do it."

"Pray don't speak of salary, Lucile. How can you? Besides, I thought you liked to anticipate your wishes? It was, and is, my greatest pleasure."

"You have seemed to think that I was too tactful to be anywhere, no matter how close the distance," were your words."

"A hanson, dearest—you'll let me call you dearest—I would not for the world have one enjoys your company. How could I ask you to ride in a hansom? I know you don't care to ride?"

"I appreciate it all, George," she said. "I appreciate it fully. And I like you, George, I do—perhaps I could truthfully say I—but I can't consent to be married to the cutter over calmly and seriously, and I feel that I could not be happy if I did."

"Why not?" he asked, anxiously.

"You are too extravagant."

## The Kaiser's One-Foot Rifle.

The kaiser's one-foot-long rifle, easily manipulated, has been described in several periodicals in the magazine, wherewith he has bagged forty-four elk this season, and has excited the attention of the British officers in the Indian army. It seemed to them this very important weapon that is desired by officers who fight Pathans among the hills. The kaiser's rifle is said to have solved its the power behind the ball; the sights go with the barrel, and the stock is not part of the whole mechanism. The pistol fits into the shoulder piece, though, which, of course, makes a shoulder-piece converting the revolver into a magazine rifle, easily managed by one hand. The kaiser's rifle is said to have been invented by Hiram Maxim.

## Tha Playful Germ.

"Say, your it," cried the microbe, playfully. The person was thereupon naturally much surprised.

"And you!" asked the person, anxiously.

"Sure, I expect to be," replied the microbe.

From the fact that wealth cannot buy immunity from disease, it was already apparent that microbes have a sense of humor.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

If his bank balances be on the wrong side a business man is apt to go up.

# A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

## *The Strange Story of the Scarlet Masks---Love and Hate Entwined---The Dramatic Sequence of a Great Sin.*

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

[Copyrighted 1899, all rights reserved.]

SYNOPSIS.

Gaspard and Helene de Fontenelle, twins, and since their mother's death reared by Madam Beaumont are on their twenty-first birthday expecting a visit from their father. Instead Pedro Casella arrives and announces them to visit their dying father. They travel a long distance into the Forest of Fontainebleau with Pedro, and come to an old castle, the hidden seat of a band of robbers known as the Scarlet Masks, of which Gaspard's father is the chief. Here Pedro and his dying confessor are engaged to take his place and the command. Gaspard is to avenge the wrongs done to the Fontenelle mother. He tells his children that in his youth he had lived with Count de Kercheval, whom, a disgusted fellow, had married a rich cousin by whom he had a son and daughter, afterward he robbed Gaspard's father by having him charged with theft in order to marry the girl he loved, young Mrs. Fontenelle, but the lady died of a broken heart and Kercheval built up the Scarlet Masks and in time became their chief. Gaspard succeeded to the chief of the Scarlet Masks, but the old band still remained faithful to Kercheval, and after twenty years vows to the old custom. His daughter Marguerite becomes the child of fate. His son Armando, an officer in the king's guard, is sent with his father and mother to Fontenelle, when dying, had commanded Gaspard, in a last interview, to wed his sister, his old enemy. Gaspard, hating the awful task, arranges to kill Armando. He sends two of the bandits to lie in wait for Armando, but Marguerite, who had fallen in love with Masino, then became the victim of the bandits' attack. To avenge her father's wrongs and how Armando had saved Marguerite St. Maur, whose hands adjoin those of Count de Kercheval, but did not recognize her. Maurice comes home as heir to the estate of Monsieur de Armando, who has never seen the young man. Helene has the Scarlet Masks explore Mandelmont, and then leaves the retreat, and dressed in his clothes and with his ring goes down to the St. Maur chateau, and afterward she calls on the de Kercheval's as Maurice and tells them of her love to Marguerite. Gaspard, in order to get Helene out of the way, has squandered her son and daughter's patrimony, which they throw to come to an end on their twenty-first birthday. Helene, as Maurice St. Maur, pretends to have Marguerite. They become engaged and are married and Helene takes her bride to the bandit retreat.

CHAPTER XIII.---(Continued.)

The silence which followed the words of the chief was broken by a sharp exclamation from the Marquis St. Maur. He started forward, then paused abruptly, as Marguerite caught the arm of the bandit chief and lifted her white face to his.

"What does this mean?" she cried. "Maurice, in heaven's name, speak!"

The look in the smiling, mocking eyes of the chief of the Scarlet Masks, as he arrested upon the girl's pale young face, brought a muttered oath to the lips of the Marquis St. Maur; and it was only with the greatest effort of will that he refrained from springing forward and dashing the chief to the ground.

"It means, madam," the latter replied, "that instead of having wolf the Marquis St. Maur you are the prisoner of the chief of the Scarlet Masks. This is the retreat of the Scarlet Masks."

The chief dropped from his arm and she stood staring at him with a look of unutterable horror.

"Impossible!" she at length murmured; "this is some cruel joke!"

Still smiling, the chief turned and looked toward the Marquis St. Maur. The latter moved forward and stood face to face with the chief, his lips white, his eyes all ablaze.

"Scoundrel!" he hissed, "I understand now your object in detaining me here."

The chief looked him full in the eyes for a moment, then turned again to Marguerite.

"This gentleman," he said, "is the Marquis St. Maur, whom I have had the honor to personate for the past few months. He will corroborate all that I have said."

The girl turned her blue eyes, full of anguished questioning, upon the face of the Marquis St. Maur and an infinite compassion awoke in his heart for her, at the same time he fairly quivered with rage against the handsome, boyish, smiling chief of the bandits.

But he controlled his rage and intense indignation, knowing how powerless he was to avenge the wrongs of the girl whose pale lips moved dumbly, refusing to utter the question her eyes so pathetically asked.

The Marquis St. Maur moved a little nearer to her and spoke gently, but almost reluctantly.

"Alas, madam, I can but corroborate this scoundrel's assertion. I am the Marquis St. Maur. Some months ago, while on my way to the Chateau St. Maur, I was waylaid by these bandits, and my servants were brought hither, where we have been their prisoners ever since. In the meantime, it appears, the chief of the Scarlet Masks has been personating me and——"

He paused.

The girl, with a cry of agony, had covered her face with her hands.

"And, God help me, I am his wife!" she groaned.

The Marquis St. Maur looked compassionately, but helplessly, at the fair bowed head with its wreath of orange blossoms.

"Why have you done this dastardly thing?" the chief suddenly asked of the latter. "What are your intentions in regard to this lady?"

"My object!" replied the chief, with a shrug of his shoulders, "is no concern of yours. My intention regarding this lady is to restore her at once to her father's house."

The Marquis St. Maur started and looked incredulously at the handsome face of the chief. Marguerite also looked up with a little cry of joy.

The chief fixed her eyes upon her and laughed.

"You appear very glad to leave me, madam," he said; "me, whom you professed to love so much."

"I—I despise you!" she cried, the color dyeing her cheeks crimson for the moment, then fading, leaving them white. "You keep me here forever, but I will die, take my own life, before I will wed the knight you have obtained by fraud."

"Fraud!" repeated the chief, with his mocking smile. "Have I not just told you that I intend restoring you at once to your father's house? You are very fair and sweet, ma petite, but it was not for love's sake that I married you, for, if I might not part from you so readily."

The Marquis St. Maur's face turned white and his hands clenched as he watched the girl's sweet lips quiver with pain and humiliation.

"Surely you have done this lady sufficient injury already to atone to the chief. "Can you not spare her your cowardly and unmanly taunts? Remember that she is a woman and completely at your mercy. This appeal appeals to what little spark of manhood you may possess."

The Marquis St. Maur's face turned white and his hands clenched as he watched the girl's sweet lips quiver with pain and humiliation.

"Surely you have done this lady sufficient injury already to appeal

gaze a great throb as his eyes at length fell upon the person he sought. Mademoiselle Beaumont. She was standing toward the center of the ballroom, surrounded by a coterie of admirers.

As the first notes of a dreamy waltz floated through the perfumed air she moved forward leaning upon the arm of a tall, stately man whose breast glittered with orders.

Armande turned quickly and crossed the room to where the Countess de Duphane stood.

"Countess," he said, making a desperate effort to speak indifferently, "will you introduce me to Mademoiselle Beaumont?"

"Why, certainly," replied the countess. Then she looked at him laughingly and added, in a low tone, "She is very beautiful, Armande, but you have a wonderfully cool head and, for a young man of your years, are strangely unsusceptible, so possibly you are in no danger from the charms of Mademoiselle Beaumont."

Armande laughed lightly and shrugged his shoulders, but he flushed slightly. He wondered what the countess would say if she knew how completely he had already fallen a victim to the charms of Mademoiselle Beaumont.

"Mademoiselle Beaumont is at present waltzing with General La Cour," he said.

"Well, then, when the waltz is ended," said the countess.

It seemed an interminable time to Armande de Kercheval before the music of that waltz died into silence. Then, with his heart throbbing rapidly, he walked down the ballroom with the hand of the countess resting upon his arm.

In a little while they found Mademoiselle Beaumont, so, to Armande's intense gratification, was sitting alone in a small alcove. Behind her graceful draperies of heavy yellow silk which formed a striking background for her dark loveliness and the rich combination of color which formed her gown.

Armande's blue eyes fairly devoured her as they approached.

"My dear Mademoiselle Beaumont," said the Countess de Duphane, "I have just permitted me to present to you Monsieur Armande de Kercheval, who solicits the honor of an introduction?"

Mademoiselle Beaumont, who had been sitting with downcast eyes, looked up quickly with a slight start, as though aroused from a reverie. As they met the handsome, passionate ones of Armande de Kercheval. There slowly a smile and not the blood tingling through his veins, parted her red lips. He hardly heard the conventional words with which she acknowledged the introduction. As the Countess de Duphane turned away, he bent his brown head over the dark one of Mademoiselle Beaumont and murmured, rather hesitatingly:

"May I hope to have the pleasure of at least one dance?"

She lifted the enameled and pearl tablets which hung at her waist and glanced over them.

"I have just one dance left, a waltz," she replied, and handed him the tablets.

Eagerly he inscribed his initials at the vacant place.

"The fourth from the next," he murmured, "an eternity to wait."

At that moment General La Cour returned with the favor which he had gone, and Armande bowed and retired.

"Ah, you know Monsieur Armande de Kercheval?" said General La Cour.

"He has but just been presented to me," replied Mademoiselle Beaumont.

A fine young fellow and destined to make his mark in the world," added the general.

"Indeed?" murmured Mademoiselle Beaumont, indifferently, but under her long, thick lashes she watched Armande de Kercheval's tall, straight form as he moved across the room.

There were fair faces, graceful forms and white, gleaming shoulders everywhere, but Armande de Kercheval hardly gave them more than a fleeting glance. His senses were ravished by one dark, brilliant, beautiful face.

At length the time came to claim her for the waltz she had given him. He had watched her as she danced and her grace thrilled him. He never forgot the bliss of that waltz nor the wild joy which thrilled him as he felt her graceful form in his arms.

"I love her," he murmured to himself. "God! that this woman of whose existence I was unaware a few hours ago. I love her madly, desperately."

And the woman who rested against his breast and felt the mad throbbing of his heart smiled a cold smile of triumph.

"It will all be very easy," she murmured.

## CHAPTER XV.

Three months have passed away.

In a small but beautifully furnished boudoir, at Helene, her dark head thrown back rather wearily against the silken cushions of the couch upon which she reclined.

She wore a loose tea-gown of soft, bronze colored silk, confined at the waist, by a girdle of silver set with topazes. She looked very beautiful, but her dark eyes were full of gloom and unrest, the scarlet beauty of her lips was destroyed by a hard, set look. The hands, clasped together upon her lap, were tightly locked.

The dark-blue velvet portieres were put aside and Madam Beaumont entered. Helene looked up at her listlessly, indifferently. Madam Beaumont looked pale and worn and infinitely troubled.

"Monsieur de Kercheval has not yet arrived?" she said.

"No," replied Helene, glancing at the gold and enameled clock upon the mantel. "He will not be here for half an hour."

Madam Beaumont sank into an easy chair and turned her worn, troubled eyes upon Helene.

"Helene," she said, tremulously, "I want to say something to you. I must speak. Helene! Helene! Have pity upon Armande de Kercheval. He is so handsome, so noble, and—he loves you so dearly. Make him happy. Helene, marry him. Surely no woman would find it hard to love him."

The girl lifted herself from among her cushions, stared at Madam Beaumont, while the color left her lips.

"You are mad!" she cried. "You must be mad or you would not speak such words to me."

"Ah, no, I am not mad," replied Madam Beaumont, with infinite sadness. "You know how reluctantly I consented to help you in your wicked scheme, Helene," she continued, as the girl sank back among her cushions and regarded her coldly. "But since I have known Armande de Kercheval, realized the nobility of his character, the very thought of what you are doing fills me with—"

An impatient gesture from Helene interrupted her.

"There! spare me," said Helene. "I know what you would say; you have said it all so many times before, and you must know how utterly useless it is."

"If you had a woman's heart in your breast you would love him, you could not help it," cried Madam Beaumont, passionately.

"And if I did love him it would make no difference in my plans," replied Helene, quietly.

"You would still persist in your determination to ruin his life?" murmured Madam Beaumont, wonderingly, incredulously.

"Most certainly," replied Helene. "But let us not waste time in such an absurd argument. It will not be very long now before I shall release you from the position you evidently find so unpleasant. Armande de Kercheval comes today with the intention of declaring his love. He shall live for a time in a dream of bliss which will serve to render the awakening all the more bitter."

Madam Beaumont rose to her feet with a long, hopeless sigh.

"I will leave you before Armande de Kercheval arrives," she said. "It has grown painful to me to look upon his handsome face, ah! such a rarely handsome face."

She moved toward the door.

"One moment, madam," said Helene. Helene. "Pedro will be here today with a large sum of money for me. Will you kindly see that he does not present himself until Armande de Kercheval has departed?"

"Yes, I will see to it," replied Madam Beaumont. Then, as she lifted the portieres she murmured, with a shudder: "To think that I am living in all this splendor and luxury upon the wealth of a set of bandits."

She had been absent from the room but a few minutes when the portieres were again put aside by an impetuous hand and Armande de Kercheval entered, just as the costly toy clock chimed silverly the hour which Helene had named for his coming.

"How prompt you are!" she said, looking up at him with a smile.

He came and seated beside the couch, looking down upon her with tender, passionate eyes.

"Prompt!" he repeated, with a faint, wistful smile. "Why, it seemed to me as though the hour when we might come to you would never arrive. Unless spent by your side every hour, every minute of my life are full of weariness, for I live but in your presence. When away from you all is flat, stale, unprofitable." I have forgotten how to live save gazing upon your face, listening to your voice. But all this you know. I love you too madly, too desperately to have made any attempt at concealing my feelings. You enthralled me, bewitched me the first moment my eyes rested upon you. Life has never been the same to me since that night. I love you as a man loves but once in a lifetime. It lies in your hands to make me the happiest man on earth, or to crush out hope and joy from my life forever."

"To crush out hope and joy from your life forever," she repeated, slowly and lingeringly. "Ah, are you sure that you love me like that? Are you sure you would not, in time, forget, love again, be happy?"

"I shall never love another woman," he replied. "And if I have failed to win your love, God help me, for life is over and done with for me."

He leaned forward until his lips almost touched her perfumed hair.

"Helene, do not keep me in suspense, for I can no longer bear it," he murmured. "Tell me, do you love me?"

This dramatic and unusual romance will be continued in next week's Ledger. Readers are respectfully referred to our advice on page fifteen.

"I have just one dance left, a waltz," she replied.


**Don't Miss**

THE SATURDAY BLADE

**Next Week.**

**GREAT INDIAN PAGE IN COLORS.**

**Comic Indians -- Savage Indians--Indian Stories --Indian Articles--Indian Sensations.**

**Blade of March 25th.**

BE SURE AND GET IT.


### Diseases From Eye-Strain.

The symptoms of eye-strain are pain in the temples, pain in the back of the head and neck, red eyelids, and inability to see at a great distance or to read long at a time. The eyes become tired and vision blurred; there is strabismus or cast in the eye, and a tendency to avoid light. The eyes are partly closed, there are twitchings of the lids; sick headache or dizziness when shopping, riding or attending places of amusement.

Eye-strain may cause chorea and other nervous diseases. It brings on neuralgia and headaches that medicines fail to cure. Nearly every condition recited above, if brought about by defective vision, or abnormal state of the ocular muscles, can be relieved by glasses. The fitting of glasses is, at time, a very delicate task and should be entrusted only to a painstaking physician who thoroughly understands the different defects and diseases of the eye and is skilled with the instruments used for the scientific selection of proper lenses.

### His Economy.

Mrs. Murkle—John, you know I promised to get along without a tailor-made suit if you would get me a sealskin coat last fall.

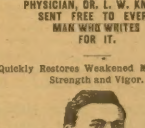
Mr. Murkle—Yes, dear, and it was a beauty that I got you, wasn't it?

Mrs. Murkle—It was, indeed, love. Dear me! I shall have to get a terrible swell Easter outfit to keep folks from thinking we are slipping backward in money matters.


# FREE TO MEN.

THE PRIVATE FORMULA OF THE NOTED PHYSICIAN, DR. L. W. KNAPP SENT FREE TO EVERY MAN WHO WRITES FOR IT.

Quickly Restores Weakened Mankind to Strength and Vigor.



L. W. KNAPP, M. D.

Thousands of men will welcome the news that a most successful remedy has been found which will quickly cure them of any form of nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor, relieve them of all the doubt and uncertainty which often are peculiarly hard to bear, and restores the organs to natural strength and vigor of youth. As it is nothing but the wonderful formula of a world famous specialist, sufferers should not let nervous delicacy prevent their being interested in such a remedy, without which they continue to live an existence of misery. Dr. Knapp's success in this particular case in order to get the desired results. Write today. There is no doubt about the offer being genuine.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

HANDSOME MUSTACHE OR LOVELY HAIR
Grown, Dark, Heavy, Soft, Silky, Beautiful, Quick, Sure, Safe, Cheap. Any young schoolboy. No more bald heads or smooth faces. We supply Mustache Forcers, Hair Tonics, Face Bleaches, Depilatories, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, Blackheads, Freckles, Wrinkles, Sallow Skin, Etc. Write for Free Book. Mailed in plain envelope. THE WORLD MFG. CO., 93, Shelton A., Buffalo, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM HABIT AND MORPHINE
Cured at Home. Book Free. Dr. J. C. HOFFMAN, Comp. Surgeon, Ind'a, Fort Wayne, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$13.25 BUYS A $25.00 BICYCLE
Don't buy a bicycle before you write for our 1899 Catalogue and Special Offer. We are the largest bicycle concern in the world selling direct to the rider. Ship anywhere C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Write today. CHICAGO CYCLE CO., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

700 Sample Styles of Silk Fringe Cards, Ribbon Tassel Cards, Lace Cards, Fancy Pictures, Ribbons, Novelties, Etc., Etc., Etc., Sent for 10 cents. Agents Wanted. Big Profits. Outfit 10 cents. Fringe Co., Box 1, Clyde, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RODS AND DIPNEEDLES
For locating lost Treasures, Gold and Silver. Send for circular.
L. C. STAUFFER, H 16, Shrewsbury, Pa.
Mention the Chicago Ledger.

2000 BICYCLES---
Second Hand Wheels, **$10 to $20.00.** Made to sell for $50.00. Send for Catalogue No. 16 Wabash Av., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YANKEE DATER, 15 cts.
Date your Letters, Bills, etc., and Save Time. Will last a lifetime. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 15 cents in silver or stamps. Circulars free. Agents wanted. Sample, postpaid, with catalogue of 5,000 articles for 25c. Stamps taken. H. S. KELLOGG & CO., 28 Dearborn St., Chicago.

CONSECUTIVE RUBBERER
Will keep a record of 1,000 consecutive numbers. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 25c. Agents wanted. Circulars free. H. S. KELLOGG & CO., 28 Dearborn St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

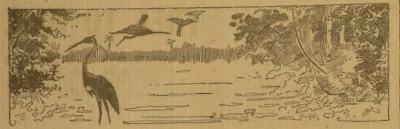
WHY
Can we Save You Money on Vehicles or Harness.
Because we have no agents.
Can we really do it? We say yes. Can we prove it without your coming to Elkhart? We say yes. Can we prove it to your entire satisfaction? We say yes. Can we prove it without delay? We say yes. Can we prove it to your satisfaction before you pay us a cent? We say yes. Can we prove it to you that you can get bigger bargains on your new or second hand buggy, phaeton, surrey, cart, harness, saddle, etc., than you can anywhere from any first-class manufacturer? We say yes. Can we prove it by honest, fair, square, reasonable statements and warranties? We say yes. Will you write us a postal card request, or drop us anything, saying you want buggies, carts, harnesses and saddles? We say yes. Will you do it? We say yes. Write us today. Address Harris Smith Co. 15-19 N. Jefferson St. & 10 Clinton Pl., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

# STRICTURE AND GLEET

Radically cured with a new and infallible Home Treatment. No instruments or pain. Can be used at home without exposure or detention from business. My treatment is of such a nature that it removes the stricture, and everything that is unnatural to the parts without affecting the well membrane. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Consultation free, personally or by letter. State case and send for BOOK, which fully explains all about this treatment—sent sealed in plain wrapper. Address Dr. Kennedy, 161 W. 8th St., Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.



# LURED BY LOVE.

## *The Crime of a Village Beauty---A Story of Unrequited Love and the Betrayal of an Innocent Girl.*

By H. R. ROMANS.

### SYNOPSIS.

The story is laid in a country town. Anne and Bessie Paxton, the beautiful daughters of the village carpenter, both love a young physician, Dr. John Burris. He proposes to and is accepted by Bessie. This enrages Anne and she plots with Charles Marsh, son of the Brickville banker, a rejected suitor for Bessie's hand, to rob the bank and cast suspicion upon Dr. Burris. Marsh promises the physician shall not be prosecuted and Anne hopes to win his love by her fidelity during his trouble. Billy Glen, a hunchback, sees Marsh hide the money robbed from the bank, and sees Anne assault Marsh in the bank. He loves Anne, and though she hates him, he forces from her a promise of marriage as the price of his silence. Hiram Westlake, village marshal, discovers the robbery. Westlake believes city robbers did the job and starts to hunt them, but Charley Marsh accuses John Burris, who is arrested. A search locates the plunder hidden in a garden behind the doctor's office where Charley Marsh had hidden it. Bessie wants to visit her lover in jail but her father forbids her, and Dr. Burris believes she has deserted him. Forbidden to see her lover Bessie asks Anne to see him. Anne uses the interview for her own advantage. Anne and Billy Glen have an interview in which she is very kind to him to gain his help in besmirching the character of her sister. The evil rumors about Bessie grow and her father drives her from home. She wanders away and falls in a faint by the roadside. She is searched for in vain, a kind-hearted old widow having given her shelter. On hearing the slander concerning Bessie, Charley Marsh seeks to benefit from it by claiming he should be held accountable for her misfortune. He tells her father he loves her and is anxious to make amends by marrying her. They find her at the old widow's suffering with brain fever. They procure a license and preacher and the ceremony is started, although Bessie is unconscious. The old widow interferes and stops the ceremony, and a physician who calls opportunely forbids it until Bessie has entirely recovered. Doctor Burris engages a lawyer, but the lawyer believes him guilty and gives him no encouragement. Later Banker Marsh and his son call on Doctor Burris and offer him clemency if he will confess. Charley Marsh tells Doctor Burris an ingenious lie concerning Bessie and poisons his mind completely. Then young Marsh hurries Anne to the young doctor and by more false stories and artful cajoling he is induced to renounce Bessie and promises to marry Anne if Bessie is married to Marsh when he is liberated. Billy Glen is aroused to Anne's duplicity and insists on their immediate marriage. Anne consults Charley Marsh and they decide Billy must be removed from their paths. Anne entices Billy to stroll down by the schoolhouse, which is located in a lonely place. While siting upon the steps Marsh strikes him from behind with a club, and he and Anne throw the body over a precipice behind the school building. It is found there the succeeding day and the general belief is that the unfortunate young man fell to his death. Marshal Westlake secretly believes he met with foul play and when a ghost is reported as visiting the scene of Billy's death the marshal decides to capture it. He discovers that the "ghost" is Anne Paxton walking in her sleep. Marshal Westlake does some clever work and learns that Anne Paxton and Billy Glen were together the night he met his death, and he reasons out to his satisfaction a motive why Anne should have been interested in his death. He also finds reason to believe that Anne and Charley Marsh are responsible for Doctor Burris' trouble. Then he spies upon Anne while he believes her sleeping and has all his fine theories wrecked, though he still hopes to find evidence to clear Doctor Burris and convict Anne and Charley Marsh. The doctor declares Bessie almost well and Marsh is determined to marry her immediately. Bessie refuses to marry Marsh and impelled by intuition charges him with being the author of the slander against her character and plotting Dr. Burris' downfall. He leaves her, vowing to force her to marry him. That evening he abducts her and takes her to Chicago. Before her abduction Bessie sends the old widow to Dr. Burris to tell him that she believes Charley Marsh is guilty of the robbery. On hearing of Bessie's fidelity he is a changed man. He divines how and why he is persecuted, and at his trial the following day declares he is being "railroaded" to prison by the court while his enemies are the ones who are prosecuting him. He is sentenced to five years hard labor.

### CHAPTER XVII.

### A DESPERATE ATTEMPT.

Anne Paxton went to the court house expecting to view the short proceedings that would squelch the trial of John Burris and free him completely, even if he did leave the court room bearing the stigma of a self-confessed criminal; but when she saw Banker Marsh in close consultation with the state's attorney and the evident preparations for a trial, she began to suspect that something had occurred to change the pre-arranged plan.

Was Charley Marsh playing her false? Was it a part of his plan to get the confession in advance and then convict the man she loved on his own words? Such thoughts came to her as she sat in the dingy old court room and watched the throng gather to witness the downfall and humiliation of their fellow citizen.

If he was playing her false she resolved to be avenged on him. If through his treachery she was denied her prize he should not have Bessie. If it came to the worst she would confess the crime of Billy Glen's murder and then commit suicide. Her confession would hang Charley Marsh.

The thought of suicide was not a new one to her. She had been so harrassed at times by the thoughts of her evil deeds that more than once the idea occurred to her as a solution of her trouble. Since Charley Marsh had threatened her life she had become more bitter toward him. She longed for an opportunity to thwart him that would not recoil against her.

If John Burris was sentenced she would lose him—perhaps forever, while there was nothing to prevent Marsh from coercing Bessie to marry him. Then with little effort he could silence his companion in crime; in fact, she dare not cry out against him, for by so doing she would convict herself.

She was aroused from her reverie by the appearance of the prisoner, and her eyes dwelt on the man she loved in wondering awe, as she noticed the apparently happy look of resignation on his countenance.

Then came the momentous words, "Guilty or not guilty?" and the clear, distinct answer: "not guilty!"

It was all over. Her blissful future was wrecked by those two words. He intended to stand trial, and there could be but one result of such a course, so she sat and listened to the brief evidence that led up to the dramatic scene, culminating with the severe sentence of the angry judge.

The trial was ended, and the crowd surged from the place, and all around her she heard expressions of approval. Dazed and stunned she joined the crowd and soon found herself on the street. She went directly home and to bed and there she lay and wept as only a disappointed, disheartened woman can.

The evening shades were falling when she arose and bathed her aching head with cooling water, and then she went and sat on the back porch. She leaned her head against a post and with her hands clasped and lying idly on her knees she watched the shadows deepen until they disappeared altogether and huge black shapes began to form in the gloom.

As the sun disappeared heavy, black clouds began to bank up in the western sky, and anon gusts of wind swept fitfully across the little town; the lone, silent figure felt the cool blasts as they toyed with her tresses, but she heeded them not—she was thinking how much better it would have been for all concerned had she never strayed from the straight and narrow path; how much happier she would have been had she left the shaping of human events to God, and not attempted to have them her way, when it was so evident that a power for the right was arrayed against her.

She arose to go into the house and as she passed into the kitchen she noticed her father's chest of tools standing by the door open. On top of all the rest was a large "rat tail" file. As she glanced at it an inspiration came to her. It fanned into life the embers of her love; it renewed the hopes so lately drowned by disappointment.

"Why not aid him to escape?" she thought. Surely the thought of a long term of imprisonment was not one of pleasure to him. Would he not hail with delight a chance to escape? If she could succeed in liberating him would he not press her to his heart with a thrill of love? Would he not recognize the great sacrifice she had made for his sake? And the natural consequence would be that they would fly together. Go far away from this hateful community where they would be all in all to each other—happy to think of the escape he had made from the clutches of the revengeful people who had sought to cage him up.

To think was to act now, and so she took the file and a small saw and went out into the yard. Here she found a short, light ladder and a small bar of iron that had been used as a lever. These articles she placed where she could readily find them.

Her next great need was money. She had none, and she knew that John had but very little. She must procure from some source enough to enable them not only to get far away, but enough to supply them with the necessaries of life for some time. There was but one resource—she must see Charley Marsh.

It was but little trouble to find that worthy, for he was holding forth in front of a grocery store, talking with a crowd of young men. A nod of her head indicated to the young man that she wanted to speak to him, and he joined her as she walked along.

"Things seem to have gone wrong, Anne," he remarked.

"Yes. I am going away. If I stayed here now I would go crazy." She did not intend to tell him what was now uppermost in her mind, for fear he would thwart her.

"Well, I think myself it would be a good idea for you to leave. I took Bessie to Chicago last night and am going there to-morrow to marry her whether or no. I would prefer that you were away from here when we return. You might go 'daffy' and get us both into trouble."

"Yes, that is the reason I decided to leave. I will go in the morning on the first train."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. I have so little money that I cannot go far or stay long unless I should be fortunate enough to get employment," answered the wily girl.

"I'll make that part all right, and consider it a favor if you will take enough to keep you away until you get over the whole thing. I'll give you a thousand if you will promise to stay two years."

"Very well."

"Wait here on the corner and I will go to the bank and get the money."

Anne was delighted at the turn of affairs. Charley did not suspect the part she was playing; but before twelve hours he would know—but then they would be beyond pursuit, and she did not care how much the young man raved and cursed to himself. She knew he would not dare inform the authorities.

He was soon with her again, and handing her a large roll of bills, said:

"Here's the money, Anne. Have a good time, wherever you go. At the end of his time, if he isn't pardoned before, he will be glad to have your sympathy and love. Get a job if you can; if you can't you know where to get all the money you want, providing you keep a still tongue. Good-by."

Anne hastened home and waited impatiently for the hour to come when it would be safe for her to make the effort to free her promised husband from his cell.

At last the old clock in the sitting room struck twelve. Surely it was a safe time for her venture, and with quickened pulse she picked up the tools she had secreted and hastened up the back alleys to the jail yard.

The mutterings of distant thunder could be heard, and every evidence pointed to the near approach of a heavy storm. Sharp streaks of lightning split open the black gloom, and the trembling girl shook with excitement.

A tall iron fence surrounded the jail yard, and the windows were far up from the ground. With the aid of the ladder she scaled the fence and climbed down into the yard and placed the ladder against the wall. It would not reach high enough for her to get to the window.

She gathered up her tools and went around the jail to the front where the iron fence was close up to the building. By standing the ladder upon the fence, the lower rung braced against the sharpened tops of the pickets, it reached the window nicely.

Quickly she climbed up the ladder and began to file away at one of the bars. She had scarcely commenced her labor of love when the storm broke and the rain descended its torrents, drenching her to the skin, but still she worked on with a vehemence.

Her arms ached, but the file was eating away into the bar until it was almost through. She thought to hasten the work by using the short piece of iron she had brought.

She fixed the lever between the bars and pulled. She was not strong enough to break the slender thread that held it, and forgetting discretion in her impatience, she took hold with both hands and pulled with all her strength.

It snapped off suddenly, and the next instant she had lost her balance and was falling through space.

She clutched wildly for some support to save her, but nothing intervened.

With all the force of a ten-foot fall she struck the sharp spikes of the iron fence.

There was one sharp, agonizing shriek as the cruel iron pierced her side, and then all was silent save for the crash of the thunder and the noise of the rain as it was swept in gusts by the wind.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

### MARSHAL WESTLAKE ON THE TRAIL.

When Granny West returned from her visit to John Burris in his cell, she was astounded to discover that Bessie was missing. There was no occasion for the young girl to take such an unceremonious leave of her benefactress, and the old lady was inclined to believe that, after the exciting events of the afternoon, her fever had returned, and in delirium, there being no one to restrain her, she had wandered away from the house.

Realizing that exposure to the elements in her weakened condition might result seriously, the old lady immediately set out for town to procure help and institute a thorough search for the missing girl. She was ambling along at a rapid rate for one of her age when she tripped and fell. When she attempted to rise she discovered that she had sprained her ankle, and was perforce obliged to remain seated upon the ground and await the passing of some pedestrian.

It was quite dark when she heard footsteps coming rapidly along the road. She called and received a hearty answer in response. A moment later and Hiram Westlake was at her side.

"Why, is it you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Hiram; I fell and sprained my ankle."

"That's too bad; but I guess I can carry you to your home. I was on my way there," and he stooped over, and lifted the frail old woman in his strong arms and started toward her home.

"What were you coming to my house for?" she asked, as he carried her swiftly along.

"I wanted to see Bessie Paxton," he answered.

"She has gone."

"What?" he asked, incredulously.

"She sent me to the jail this evening to see John Burris," explained Granny, "and while I was gone she left. Probably her fever returned and in her delirium she wandered away. I was on my way to get help to search for her when I fell."

"Did Charley Marsh see her this afternoon?" asked the marshal.

"Yes."

"Was their inteview friendly?"

"No; Charley insisted that she promise to marry him, and she refused. After he left she sent me to tell John all about it."

"Did Marsh threaten her when she refused his offer?"

"I think he did."

"Then he has abducted her."

They had arrived at the old lady's home, and after seeing to her comfort he took a lantern and examined the soil in front of the little house. It showed the mark of horses' hoofs and the tracks of buggy wheels.

"My surmise is correst," he muttered. "Charley Marsh has abducted her. He will drive to some point on the railroad and take the express to Chicago. My course is plain: I will take follow him. He has a good start and is, no doubt, well on his way, but I will land him, if my theory is correct."

Marshal Westlake hurried to the station and found a freight train taking water at the tank. He explained the situation to the conductor, who willingly consented to carry him and also to stop at all stations for a distance of fifty miles that the officer might make inquiries of the agents along the way.

At the third place they stopped—a station of some importance—the depot master informed the marshal that a young man accompanied by an invalid lady had boarded the train at that place for Chicago.

He was correct, then; Charley Marsh had abducted Bessie and was taking her to Chicago where he would have little trouble in having a marriage ceremony performed, no matter how strenuously she objected.

It was too late to telegraph to Chicago for the depot police to apprehend them as they stepped from the train. The train on which they had traveled had already reached its destination. His only course was to stick to the freight and get to the city as soon as possible. This course he followed and some time after 4 o'clock in the morning the train pulled into the freight yards, and he then took a street car for the main passenger station down in the heart of the city.

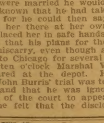
He hunted up the depot policeman and learned that parties answering to his description landed at the depot on the limited. A porter who was dozing on a pile of trunks, and who had assisted the supposed young husband carry his wife from the train, imparted the information that they had taken a cab, but for what destination he was unable to state.

There was not a cab in sight. No trains arrived until after six o'clock and the cabbies did not hang around the entrance during this dull time. The policeman explained to him that if the man who had taken them away was a "regular" at that stand he would undoubtedly learn where they had been driven; if he was a "special" the chances were that he would not learn their destination for some time—perhaps several days. The policeman advised him to go to bed at a nearby hotel and return about ten o'clock, when most of the "regular" cabbies would be at the stand waiting for fares.

The marshal followed his advice. Had he waited a short while longer he would have encountered Charley Marsh who put in his appearance to take the early train to Brickville. John Burris' trial was scheduled for 9:30 that morning and he knew he must be present at the proceedings that would quash the matter. Besides this he did not want to be absent from the town when it became known that Bessie Paxton had again mysteriously disappeared. Once they were married he would not care if it were known that he had taken her to Chicago, for he could then say that he had taken her there at her own request. He had placed her in safe hands, and was confident that his plans for the future would not miscarry, even though she did not return to Chicago for several days.

At ten o'clock Marshal Westlake again appeared at the depot. He was aware that John Burris' trial was to be called that day, and that he was ignoring the summons of the court to appear and testify; but he felt that the disclosures that he

**SEND ONE DOLLAR** CUT THIS AD OUT and send to us, and if you live within 100 miles of Chicago, we will send you this TOP BUGGY by freight C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it at your freight depot, and if found PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY, EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED, EQUAL TO BUGGIES THAT RETAIL AT $60.00 to $75.00 and the GRANDEST BARGAIN YOU EVER SAW, pay the freight agent OUR SPECIAL PRICE, $38.90, and freight charges, less the $1.00 sent with order.



$38.90

WE MAKE THIS TOP BUGGY IN OUR OWN FACTORY IN CHICAGO, from better material than most makers put in $75.00 buggies. Latest style for 1899. Body, 24x54 from the Best Seasoned Wood. Gear, Best That Money Can Build. End Springs, as illustrated, or Brewster Side Bar. Wheels, High Grade Screwed Rim Sarven's Patent. Top, 24 ounce, Daily Rubber Heavily lined, full side and back curtains. Painting, guaranteed equal to any $150.00 buggy work, Body black; Gear, dark green or Red. Upholstering, heavy green French body cloth or Evan's Leather. $38.90 IS OUR SPECIAL PRICE for top buggy complete, wide or narrow track, full length side and back curtains, storm apron, carpet, wrench, anti-rattlers and shafts. GUARANTEED TWO YEARS will last a lifetime. For Buggies at $15.95 and up, WRITE FOR FREE BUGGY CATALOGUE. YOU CAN MAKE $500.00 This Year Selling OUR $38.90 BUGGIES. ORDER ONE TO-DAY. YOU CAN SELL IT FOR $60.00. DON'T DELAY.

Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture.

*BIG G* is a non-poisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, or ulceration of mucous membranes. *Sold by Druggists,* or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, on receipt of $1.00, or 3 bottles for $2.75. Circulars mailed on request.

THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

would be prepared to make on his return would clear him of the disgrace of the court. Besides he thought Charley Marsh was in Chicago, and he was certain that the trial would be postponed when it was discovered that the two principal witnesses were not there to testify.

A half dozen cabmen were lined up by the waiting-room for fares when he arrived on the scene. He questioned them all in turn, but none of them were there at the time. After a short wait one of the "cabbies" drove up and took his place in the line. Westlake questioned him.

"Yes," he answered, "I was here. 'Shorty' Blake drove them. Don't know where, but he will be here shortly and you can ask him."

About eleven o'clock the man called "Shorty" Blake drove into the line and Westlake immediately quizzed him. The cabman studied the marshal a moment and then asked:

"Wasn't it on the square?"

"No."

"Are you an officer?"

"Yes."

"Well, pardner, I'm not lookin' for trouble, but what in something' what ain't right I'm ready to square matters. Course you'll pay me for my time?"

"Certainly. You drive me to the place the lady was taken."

Jump in."

Marshal Westlake entered the cab and was whirled away from the line. In a short time they stopped in front of a respectable looking house. In the window of which was a sign that told passers-by that it was a boarding house.

"This surely may not be on the square, pardner, and you may have some trouble," whispered the cabman as his fare alighted. "Shall I wait?"

"Yes."

Calling a policeman who was leisurely sauntering down the street, Westlake briefly stated the facts to him and asked his aid in case the occupants of the house refused to let Marsh, who he thought was there, should deny him admittance.

The officer agreed and the marshal rang the bell; after some moments wait a maid answered the summons and inquired what was wanted.

"I want to see the proprietor of the house," said the marshal.

"See ain't in," answered the girl.

"When will she come in?" he replied.

"You will wait till you are asked, won't you?" gently admonished the maid, seeing trouble as she glanced at the burly policeman.

Westlake did not answer her, but putting his shoulder to the door shoved it back and entered, followed by the policeman. The maid gave vent to her anger in a scream of alarm and rushed into the hall.

Her cry brought several people to the scene, and a woman who was unmistakably the landlady, demanded to know the cause of the intrusion.

"A man named Charley Marsh brought a sick lady here last night. I want to see her," explained the marshal.

"You are mistaken. No such parties came here," was the chilling response.

"I am not mistaken; I have proof that they came here; there is no use to deny it," asserted Westlake.

"I tell you you are mistaken in the place," said the landlady.

"We will search the house."

"There is no use. I tell you they are not here."

"When did they leave?"

A gleam of hope flashed through the woman's brain. She would follow the thought suggested by the officer's question.

"To be frank with you, they did come here; but they left early this morning for the man's home somewhere out of the city. That is the truth."

For a moment the marshal was staggered. Was it possible Charley Marsh had married the lady and returned to Brickville? Perhaps the woman was lying.

"You lied about their not coming here; it is likely you are lying about their not being here now. We will search."

"You shall not!" exclaimed the woman, becoming quite alarmed.

"Aha! I am right. Come on, officer, we will go upstairs."

The woman threw herself to bar their progress, but the big policeman took her gently by the arm and pushed her to one side, saying:

"Come, now, Mrs. Mulvaney, don't be after makin' us angry before we had no doubts about yer house for some time, an' if yez make anny trouble I'll run yez in."

The landlady was completely subdued by this line of reasoning, and offered the men to pass on up the stairs.

In the front room of the second floor they found Sherley in charge of a powerful-appearing woman who was clad in a nurse's garb.

When Deputy Sheriff Westlake she cried out with joy and her nurse advanced to meet the intruders with a scowl on her face.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"Your patient," answered the marshal.

"You get out of here or you'll get hurt," she replied.

"You close yer face," commented the policeman, and the nurse instantly complied.

"How did you ever know I had been brought here?" asked Bessie, eagerly.

"Charley," she knew they were gone and I immediately suspected Charley Marsh was responsible for your disappearance, so I struck his trail and spent a close scent until I found you. Where is he?"

"Why, he went back to Brickville to attend John's trial. It comes off today and he is there to appear for the casualty in sending John to prison. He left me with these people with the cheering promise that he would return as soon as possible to force me to marry him."

"Well, we will postpone his marriage indefinitely. Do you feel able to return to Brickville tonight?"

"Oh, yes; the thought of getting back there to confront him with his villainy makes me strong. Let us go as soon as possible."

Westlake stepped to the door and told "Shorty" Blake to return for them in time to take the 6:00 train to Brickville, and then went back to Bessie, and staid at her side until the caboose came for them that evening.

They made the trip to Brickville without incident, and Bessie bore the fatigue admirably. The thought that the knowledge of her story would soon be placed in the marshal acted as a stimulant to her. They arrived at Brickville about eleven o'clock that night, and as there was no conveyance handy the marshal picked the sick girl up in his arms and started for the home of Granny West, which was near by.

He strode along at the trial of John Burris" asked Westlake as soon as they had left the house.

"He was sentenced to five years in the penitentiary, and you came in for a severe censure for not appearing to testify. I would be surprised if it does not get you into serious trouble."

I am not scared at all, and I have evidence that will clear Judge Burris; it will also create one of the greatest sensations that this section has ever experienced. John Burris is innocent; his conviction is the result of a foul conspiracy. Billy Olney was murdered, and I know who the murderers are. I am going now to see Judge Jenkins and tell him the whole affair. Come and hear the story."

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE END OF ALL.

The marshal and Dr. Smith were hurrying along the street of Brickville through the rain that had begun to fall since they had left the home of Granny West. They were on their way home from the hotel at which Judge Jenkins was stopping during the session of court. Westlake had told the judge his startling story, and from the attitude the jurist took upon the matter, the morrow promised some startling sensations. When just opposite the jail the two men were startled by a terrifying shriek.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"Sounded like the cry of some one in great pain," responded the marshal, as he started on a run in the direction of the sound. The doctor followed and together they reached the jail, and were horrified at the sight that a flash of lightning revealed to their gaze.

Suspended on the high iron fence was the body of a woman, while lying on the ground on the inside of the yard was a ladder. What could it mean? Who was the victim? Was it Bessie Paxton? Such was the answer, but they hastened to lift the woman from the sharp fate that held her, as she had fainted or had received a death wound; they could not tell in the awful darkness and storm.

Lifting her in their arms they hurried to the residence of the sheriff and rang the bell furiously. In a few minutes the door was opened and they staggered in with their burden.

"What is the matter, doctor? Someone shot?" asked the sheriff.

"No; we found her impaled on the jail yard fence. Bring a light."

The woman was laid on a lounge in the sheriff's office and the officer struck a light.

"My God! It is Anne Paxton! You were right, Westlake. I see it all now," exclaimed Dr. Smith, "but, see, she lives. I must save her if possible."

He ripped open her dress and exposed the side where the sharp iron picket had penetrated, tearing a great gaping wound from which the blood gushed in streams. It is of no use. She is bleeding to death and I cannot stop the flow. The best I can do is to check the flow and keep her alive a few minutes." He leaned over her a few minutes and was rewarded by seeing her open her eyes and look wildly about her. She recognized Westlake and Dr. Smith and seemed instantly to understand all that had happened.

"You are fast bleeding to death," whispered the doctor.

"You cannot stop it?" she asked.

"No; you are past all human aid, and can live but a few minutes at most. Have you anything to say?"

"Yes; much. Get pen and ink. I have a confession to make. I cannot go before my Maker with the fearful load of sin I carry."

The sheriff pushed a stand beside the dying girl and placed writing material upon it. "Proceed with your confession. I will write it," he said.

Anne did not hesitate, but plunged immediately into the story of her misdeeds.

"In the first place," she dictated, "John Burris did not commit the crime he was convicted of. On the evening he became engaged to my sister I was standing in front of our house when Charley Marsh came by. I had been grieving over the engagement, for I loved John Burris. I thought I could make Charley Marsh miserable by telling him that John was engaged to Bessie, as I knew that he was very much in love with her. I told him, and then he suggested that we break their engagement, by denouncing him to Bessie. The result of some scheming was the plot to rob the bank and throw the guilt on Dr. Smith. This we did.

"Our scheme would have worked well had we not been caught. Billy Olney and Charley Marsh were planning to rob the bank, and when they were ready to start Billy Olney came to me and asked me to go with him. I refused, but he insisted, and I finally consented. I went to the bank with him, and while he was at the safe I stood at the door. Suddenly I heard a shot, and Billy Olney fell dead at my feet. Charley Marsh had shot him from behind. I was terrified, and ran to the jail, where I found Charley Marsh. He told me that he had killed Billy Olney because he had found out that he was going to rob the bank, and that he had done it to save me from disgrace. He begged me to keep the secret, and I promised. He then left me, and I went home. I was afraid to tell the story, as I knew that Charley Marsh would kill me if I did. I was afraid to tell Bessie, as I knew that she would tell John Burris, and Charley Marsh would kill him. I was afraid to tell Charley Marsh, as I knew that he would kill me. I was afraid to tell anyone, as I knew that Charley Marsh would kill me. I was afraid to tell anyone, as I knew that Charley Marsh would kill me. I was afraid to tell anyone, as I knew that Charley Marsh

Guest—You may retire.
Waiter—Screw me, sah, but I'se 'sponsible fo' de spoons.

## Saved by the Force.

The passengers were relating stories of marvelous escapes, when a bricklayer's assistant, who had hitherto listened attentively, ventured to put in a query.

"Excuse me," he remarked, "but did any of you ever fall from a scaffolding fifty feet high? I once did it, and escaped with barely a scratch."

His statement was scarcely credited and a good many questions were asked.

"In what do you owe your preservation?" demanded one young fellow. "The force of a fall like that was sufficient to kill, or, at any rate, maim you for life."

"That's just where you're mistaken," responded the other; "in fact, it was the force that saved me."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the inquisitive young man.

"Very well," went on the laborer; "I'm telling the truth for all that. A member of the force was passing below at the time, and I fell plump on the top of him. Oh, yes, he was hurt!"

## How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props. Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 5c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## Ruling Passion.

Young Lady—out yachting)—What is the matter, Captain Quarterdeck?

Captain—The fact is, my dear young lady, we've broken our rudder.

Young Lady—I wouldn't worry about that. The rudder is mostly under water anyhow, you know, and it isn't likely people will notice it.

BIG BABY CARRIAGE SALE.

If any of our readers will cut this notice out and send to Rosch, Sauer & Co., Chicago, Ill., they will send you, free, by mail, postpaid, a handsome catalogue of baby carriages in colors, with lowest Chicago wholesale prices, free examination offer, tell you how to order etc., etc.—Editor.

## A Hasty Journey.

Anxious Wife—Know where my husband is, sir?

Klondike Karl—The last time I seen your husband, mum, he was goin' over th' mountains.

Anxious Wife—In what direction?

Klondike Karl (sadly)—In all directions, mum. You see he got a can of dynamite mixed in with the canned corned beef he was thawing out, poor man!

## A SONG OF DUSK.

Hush! when the little children sleep,
And twilight shadows softly sweep
The dim blue sky,
When last'ning angels droop their wings
Around the mother's heart, who sings
Sweet Lullaby.

Hush! when a bright transcendant Star
Looks down and from its world afar
Wins the Night,
Some soul is watching at the gate
To meet its well-beloved mate
In Heaven's Light.

Hush! when a breath of soft chill air
Steals like slim fingers through thy hair
And makes it cold,
Pale as the ghost of one dear kiss
Long pawed, like others, dreams of bliss,
Within the veil.

Hush! when the buds break forth in bloom,
When new-fledged songsters brave the gloom
And wing above,
To sing their radiant song of Spring
Unto their Father and their King,
Whose name is Love.

## A High-Flyer.

Mrs. Brierleigh—Why, I'm surprised to hear that you are looking for another cook. I thought you were so well satisfied with the one you had?

Mrs. Walker—I was well satisfied, but she turned out to be a high-flyer.

Mrs. Brierleigh—Indeed! What did she do?

Mrs. Walker—Started the kitchen fire with coal oil.

Catarrh in the head is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints that cause it, building and rebuilding the delicate and diseased tissues.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

## The Measure of Love.

"How women change!" said the man who has been married a year. "My wife used to write to me and send me a bushel of kisses in her letters."

"Um," said the man who had been married a quarter of century.

"But now when I leave for the office she just gives me a peck, and a short one at that."

## Spoiled It.

The facetious boarder had the train all laid for a telling joke. "It's a wonder," he said, "that you didn't serve up this hen feathers and all."

"The next time," said the landlady with marked emphasis, "I'll serve her up bill and all." And the joke was ruined.

## Didn't Need Them.

Bacon—Did your wife ever take lessons in elocution?

Egbert—No; she inherited it.

## RED OR WHITE.

Ethel—So old Chauncey Millyuns attempted to kiss you on the stairway at the hop last night, and you didn't know which way to turn?

Penelope—No. I didn't know whether he preferred a blushing girl or one who pales.

## Funny Advertisements.

Curiously worded advertisements, which are funny without intent, are common in the London papers, it would seem. A contemporary recently offered a prize, says the Manchester Guardian, for the best collection at such announcements, and the following is the result:

"Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"For sale—A gentlemen, the property of a musician with carved legs."

"Wanted—A room, by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad."

"Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of two children and a good sailor."

"Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins."

"Bulldogs for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted—For summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage."

"Lost—Near Highgate Archway, an umbrella belonging to a gentleman with bent rib and a bone handle."

"Widow in comfortable circumstances wishes to marry two sons."

"To be disposed of, a mail phaeton, the property of a gentleman with a movable headpiece as good as new."

The last is a copy of an inscription painted on a board which adorned a fence in Kent:

"Notis—If any man's or woman's cow gets into these here orters, his or her tail will be cut off as the case may be."

## Too Risky.

"I'm just starting for Cuba to look over the field for investment," said the solid citizen to the shrewd insurance agent. "Make me out a $20,000 endowment at once."

"Not on your life."

## The Program.

"What are they doing about my case?" inquired Captain Dreyfus.

"They aren't doing anything," answered the guard, cheerfully. "They are merely waiting for you to go out of sight."

## Single Exception.

"O, mamma, I'm miserable. I know that I'm not fully in fashion's confidence. Did papa ever keep anything from you, mamma?"

"Nothing—that is, nothing but money."

Teacher—Davie, can you decline the verb "to knit?"
Davie (who has tried to knit)—Knit, knat, knut.

## The Powers That Be.

Algernon (after acceptance)—Shall I mention the matter to your papa?

Ethel—Mercy, no! Not to him.

Algernon—Or mamma, then?

Ethel—No, no! You must ask the cook if she would object to one more in the family. She is the only one to be conciliated.

## A Bachelor's Solace.

Across the way a taper gleams
All through the long, dark night;
I joy to see those steady beams—
They make my vigil bright.

No boon of Cupid, understand,
Brings gladness to my cup;
There dwells my wedded rival and
Her baby keeps him up.

## Stole Just Once.

Bobby (at the breakfast table)—Maude, did Mr. Juice take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?

Maude—Why, of course not! Why should he?

Bobby—That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out: "I am going to steal just one," and —. Why, what's the matter, Maude?

## A Fair Bargain.

Tom—So the heiress refused Jack?

Dick—Yes; it's too bad. He made a very fair proposition, too.

Dick—He promised to be a most devoted husband, and offered to refund the money if he did not turn out exactly as represented.

## He'll Wheel the Baby.

"What do you think? Papa asked Jack if he expected to get any money in marrying me."

"Was Jack insulted?"

"Insulted! He told papa that a good home was more of an object to him than wages."

## Looked His Part.

"Say, that was a mighty honest-looking old farmer," said the office loafer, as the client went out. "Just the kind of a good, wholesouled face to invite confidence."

"Just what he has been doing," the lawyer explained. "He is in to see about a little gold brick transaction he was drawn into."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

## Definition of a Trust.

It is something wherewith you may approach another man and say: "Let's organize a company to do so and so and capitalize it at $300,000. I have here a franchise. It's worth $150,000, and I'll put it in for that and you put in $150,000 in cash."

## In March.

The mad March wind clasps dainty Prue,
It whirls her in its clutch;
But as her boots and skirts are new
She does not mind it much.

# AT POSSUM RUN.

## Ike Quigley's Articles Describing School Days and Funny Happenings There.

NO. 12.

From time immemorial the affinity existing between the schoolboy and apples ripening in a forbidden orchard has been recognised and written about. From the time the first white blooms appear in the springtime his interest in that orchard begins to manifest itself, and when the blooms are whisked from the tree by the gentle breezes and the hard green globes appear in their stead, the unsalted samples these immature delicious quantities that his small stomach is tied up in a knot that only Jamaica ginger and red-hot flannel will untie.

But the weeks go by; the warm rains wash those apples clean, and the passionate sun kisses their cheeks until the red blush grows deeper and deeper. Then does the small boy is drawn by an invisible and irresistible impulse to the fence that inclosed that orchard, and he gazes with wistful eyes and watering mouth upon the luscious beauties that hang temptingly upon the tree.

He climbs the fence slowly, thoughtfully, and just as he is about to throw his leg over the top rail the deep voice of the farmer's ferocious dog sounds out upon the perfumed air an alarm that startles the urchin from his blissful dream; but ere the dog bounds into view from the brush heap behind the small chunk of humanity is fanning the atmosphere into little swirls with his arms legs as he disappears down the hill at a speed only equaled by a frightened canine with a tin can tied to its tail.

It would be folly for me to claim that the boys of Possum Run were superior to the boys of any other community. I would be ascribing to them a Sunday-school quality they did not possess if I should set up such a claim. The Bible says that the good die young, and I am quite positive that these boys all lived to a ripe old age, and they were all good judges of fruit, too.

'Squire Higgins' orchard was located just back over the hill from the schoolhouse, and standing on the highest point of the ridge a stone by could throw a stone into the orchard, or, anyhing one the other direction, stand a good chance of breaking a window in the schoolhouse. Rather a poor location for such a fine orchard, but it is not likely the 'Squire gave the matter a thought when he planted the trees years ago.

However that might be, the boys were giving the orchard their attention during the summer of which I am writing, and during the summer term bulletins regarding the 'squire's early harvest apple tree were daily discussed by five or six venturesome youthw who cared naught for the apples that grew in the orchard at their homes.

The foxy old 'Squire had noticed the decadence the Early Harvests was receiving and when the fruit assumed the state that would invite an attack most any flat he took such precautions as he imagined would give the urchins plenty to do for a few fleeting moments.

One day at noon the six lads, who had been so anxiously waiting for the Early Harvests to ripen, sneaked down the hill like Indians about to make a night attack upon a helpless settler, and approached the orchard fence. They remembered the position thoroughly, and feeling assured that their visit was not anticipated, boldly climbed the fence and shinned up the tree that fairly groaned with its weight of luscious apples when the wind soughed through its branches.

Close your eyes, dear reader, and picture those six boys in that apple tree, surrounded as they were by untold numbers of the sweetest morsels that a boy ever sank his pearly teeth into. Multiply this pleasure by the fact that it was stolen sweets that they stowed away in their seemingly cavernous stomachs, and you will not be sure that they unbuttoned their jackets to allow those same stomachs to swell out a trifle.

But while they sat in paradise and partook of the bounteous plenty of nature a snake crept into their Eden to mar the extreme bliss of the occasion. To be quite truthful, there were two snakes, for when one of the boys, filled to the epigottis with apples, ceased to climb down, he not only beheld the 'Squire's feorcious dog sitting patiently under the tree, but at a few paces distant stood the 'Squire's equally ferocious bull.

He communicated his discovery with a cry of alarm, and the boys immediately held a council of war to decide upon how to escapes. They could not play a waiting game, for already the schoolhouse bell was summoning them back to their books.

They pelted the dog with apples, but he only growled and showed his teeth. They tried the same tactic upon the bull, but the angry bovine only switched his tail and pawed the dust in his desire to get nearer his assailants.

The 'Squire was only one man—they must drop from the trees and run for it. No one would volunteer to try the plan as an experiment, so three all decided to drop at once and run, letting each one take his chances. They all swung down to the lowest limbs and hung by their hands, facing the nearest fence, while Johnny Jones counted one. As he pronounced the word "three" they all let loose and dropped, and ere they had touched the ground the dog had Johnny by the seat of the pants while the bull had tossed Jimmy Weer fourteen yards with his horns. Johnny left the rear part of his pants in the dog's mouth and started in another direction. The dog dropped the useless mouthful of cloth and grabbed Johnny by the trouser leg, ripping it from the bottom to the top, while the bull tossed Tom Graham and Sammy Smith, seven-rail fence. Henry Jenkins and Ill Graham escaped the animals, but, oh, my! how they hated the fence through which they had attempted a ready made exit, for where they went through their clothes were in tatters.

It was a sorry group that assembled on the safe side of the fence to take stock of their bruises and torn clothes. None of them were badly hurt, though all were thoroughly frightened. Johnny Jones pinned a handkerchief in the seat of his pants and Sammy Smith pinned his trouser leg back in place, and they set on to school, while the other boys sneaked off for home.

The next day the boys of the village gathered and counted the thrashings they had received from their fathers for the day before, and then they went in a body to before the teacher to receive her gentle attention with the birch.

When it was all done they decided that the 'Squire's apples were not so nice after all, and henceforth they would let them alone.

### Two Points of View.

"My children," said the poor man, sadly, "are you crying for bread?"

"Which shows," replied the rich man, coldly, "how much you have to be thankful for. Now, mine are crying for bonbons."

### Summarized.

His came to congress; history
This honorable fact makes plain:
The whole sad story seems to be
He came, and then went home again.

### THE PRAYERS OF THE NATION.

By J. G. Holland.

God gives us man! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking!

### Kleptomania.

Molly—Jack stole something from under my nose while we were down at the shore looking at those fishing boats.

Dolly—What was it, a little smack?

SPECTACLES at wholesale rates. Send for illustrated, COUNTERSELLER CO., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WANTED LADY AGENTS for CORSETS and FINE SATEEN UNDERSKIRTS. Popular and Fast Selling. Lewis Corset Co., St. Louis, Mo.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

$5 to $30 3000 BICYCLES
Everyone a Bargain.
NEW AND SECOND HAND.
$2 Hand—good as new for $10 to $15.
$3 " " " " $15 to $20.
$5 " " " " $20 to $25.
Guaranteed for one year. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Send for catalogue. Largest dealers in the world. Lowest prices ever quoted. Every machine sold and shipped subject to examination and approval. No money in advance. Write for our Special Offer. Cash or Easy Payments. Address
BROWN-LEWIS CO., 147-229 Wabash Av., Chicago.
The wheel is reliable and every wheel is bargain—fifty.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

When the apples were ripe.

MANAGER $100 to $500 A MONTH TO OPEN STORES; EMPLOY AGENTS; also other sales and collection. Comey Gas Reheat makes natural gas from coal oil. Best, cheapest fire, gas, oil, electric. Enormous profits. Sells on sight. $250 A MONTH. No capital required. Get a start with a money maker. Burns in the stove a beautiful, clear fire. No dirt; every family buys at once. Stores covering one-third of 45 WALTER C. COMEY CO., Cleveland, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SOLD! UNDER A Positive Guarantee

In such an offer as this we defy competition. Our guarantee is as broad as the continent. Sold by agents, by mail, by everybody. Write for terms. Sells for $1.00. Costs you 50c. Profits 50c. Agents wanted. Exclusive territory given. $100 a week guaranteed. Sample 50c. Circulars free. Address Dr. Scott Portland, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

Boys & Girls

We are giving away watches, cameras, solid gold rings, sporting goods, musical instruments, and many other premiums. Send us your name and address and we will forward you 25 packages of Royal English Ink Powders at 10 cents. Every package makes 10 ounces of fine ink. We ask no money—send your name and address, and we will forward you 25 packages, postage paid, and when sold send us the money, $2.50. Ink Powder sells like hot cakes. Every family buys. Everybody wants a premium. We trust you. Don't lose this great opportunity. Write for premium list. Address Royal Manufacturing Co., Imperial Ink Concern, 81 Adams St., Oak Park, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ANGELS WHISPER Beautiful finger picture, 10x12, sent postpaid for 10c. Agents wanted. Sample kit, 1 ft. for 40c. 7 kits, Omaha Indian Chief.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Honorable, genteel WORK; either sex; no canvassing; no capital. Address, with stamp, Free Samples for stamp. Reputable Reporting Co., Box 97, Station D, N.Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$75 Month and Expenses; no experience necessary; position permanent; sell Lamps, Stoves, Paints, Oils, Etc. Write Chicago Lamp & Stove Co., Dept. 10, Philadelphia, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES To Do Plain Sewing at home, $1.50 per day; no canvassing; work sent (charges paid); send stamped addressed envelope for full particulars. M. W. SUTTON & CO., Dept. 10, Philadelphia, Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BEST PAYING THING for Agents in our FROST PROOF SHOPPING REEL. Sells at sight. Sample, 25c. Catalogue free. C. P. CORY & Co., 61 & 63 Jefferson St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES WANTED to do fine stitching on Custom Shirts at home. $6 to $12 per week. Steady work. Send stamp for particulars. S. B. FOSTER MACHINE CO., West Fourth Street, New York.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PROFIT Magic Lantern and Stereopticon IN THIS Outfit. Views illustrating all descriptions and latest styles of Headwear. Catalogue FREE. Headwear, 169 Nassau St., N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS can earn a nickel-plated Watch, Printing Outfit, Violin, Foot Ball, Kodak, or choice of other premiums by selling 40 packages Bluine Powder at 10 cents each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward POSTPAID as explained, and Premium List. No money required. BRITAN MFG. CO., 62 Fifth Ave., Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3 a Day Sure Send no money—address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure; we mean just what we say; you can do as well as we can; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write to-day. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 924, DETROIT, MICH.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WAR PICTURES 12 CENTS EACH.
DESTRUCTION OF SPANISH FLEET.
SINKING OF THE MAINE.
BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN.
BATTLE OF MANILA.
BATTLESHIP MAINE.
Beautifully colored. Sell like wildfire at 12c. each. Samples set, 10c., or outfit to begin. Agents wanted. J. Lee, 613 Omaha Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE to AGENTS
IDEAL CAKE SPOON
will use Cake or not found in N. Y. Sells at sight to every family. Big profits. Send 10c. for sample. Outfit free. Profits Send 10 cts. for postage and Catalog of Aluminum, Silverware, &c. UNION NOVELTY CO., 36 Fifth Ave., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

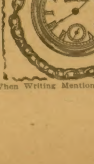
WANTED RELIABLE MEN in every locality to call on farmers, dealers and others; permanent; $60.00 per month and expenses; no peddling; position steady; we mean what we say; no postals answered; enclose stamp for reply. Address, with stamp, Manufacturers, 1440 Monadnock Block, Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS: We give every man or woman a Solid Gold-filled Stem-Winding Watch for selling 20 packages Bluine at 10c. each. Send your full address and we will forward you the Bluine by return mail, POSTPAID, as explained. When sold send us the money, $2.00, and we will send you the Watch, as premium, and Premium List. No money required. Address, BLUINE CO., Box 300 Concord Junction, Mass.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BIG MAIL DO YOU WANT TO RECEIVE Publications Free? Send 10c. for Magazines, Novelties, etc., sent FREE for 3 months, and we will put your name in our Agents' Directory, which is sent to manufacturers, publishers and supply houses, bringing you mail matter, circulars, catalogues, etc. Address, Publishers' Union, Omaha, Neb.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

7000 BICYCLES
28 Models $9 to $18.
Second-hand wheels, good as new, $3 to $10.
Best makes $19 to $35.
Great factory clearing sale. Write for our catalogue and special offer.
EARN A BICYCLE by taking orders for our high grade wheels. Write for Sample Wheel and Agents' Terms. Mead Cycle Co., Dept. 10, Chicago.
$1000 REWARD. We will pay $1000 reward for information leading to the conviction of any person or persons caught stealing bicycles from us. Mead Cycle Co., Chicago.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

This Cut is 1-2 Actual Size of Watch and Chain.



Watch and Chain FOR ONE DAY'S WORK.

We send this Nickel-Plated Watch, also a Chain and Charm to Boys and Girls for selling 15 dozen packages of BLUINE at 10c. each. Send your full address by return mail and we will forward the Bluine, postpaid, and a large Premium List.

No money required. We send the Bluine at our own risk. You go among your neighbors and sell it. Send us the money that you get for it and we send you the Watch, Chain and Charm postpaid.

*This is an American Watch, Nickel-Plated Case, Open Face, Heavy Beveled Crystal. It is Guaranteed to Keep Accurate Time, and with proper care should last Ten Years.*

BLUINE CO., BOX 300 CONCORD JUNCTION, MASS.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

# THE CHICAGO LEDGER

26 YEARS OLD.

Published Every Saturday,

BY

W. D. BOYCE CO.

All communications should be addressed to

THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
113, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
Chicago, Illinois.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Chicago Weekly Ledger One Year . . . . $ .50
Six Months . . . . .25

[10 ADVANCE.]

Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order, payable to The CHICAGO LEDGER.

One Dollar must be added to all foreign postal collections to pay postage.

For Sale by Newsdealers, Postmasters and Subscription Agents.

Entered at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, as Second class matter.



# THE CHICAGO LEDGER AND SATURDAY BLADE.

ADVERTISING.

Advertising Rate $1.10 per Agate line, per insertion. For advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade combined.

## 500,000

COPIES WEEKLY

PROVED CIRCULATION.


BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the LEDGER can be had by addressing this office. Address all letters relating to mail, family mail box, stamps or to your subscription and your order will receive prompt attention. Prices cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The LEDGER employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person who represents himself as an agent is a fraud. No person is authorized to take subscriptions for the LEDGER unless he has a receipt book with the LEDGER printed thereon, and a receipt will be given for every money. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will lead to the conviction of any person or persons who are traveling from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of The LEDGER and thereby defrauding the people. Beware accordingly.

## A DAY'S WORK IN TRUST MAKING.

Pittsburg, Pa., March 2.—One of the most gigantic combinations yet attempted by commercial organizations in the United States was completed today over the wires between New York and Pittsburg. It is a consolidation of all the principal tube refineries of precious metals in the United States. The final move was the purchase of the works of the Pennsylvania Lead company of Pittsburg and the Pennsylvania Smelting company's works at Salt Lake, Utah. The capitalization of the new combine will be $6,000,000.

Jeffersonville, Ind., March 2.—The Ohio Falls Car Manufacturing company has been absorbed by the American Car and Foundry company of New York.

Chattanooga, Tenn., March 2.—The Southern Stove Manufacturers' association has decided to advance the price on stoves and stovepipe goods.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio, March 2.—A gigantic casket trust is now forming. Several agents of the trust met in process of formation, with headquarters at New York, were here during the last week taking an inventory of the big plant and factory with a view of including it in the combine.

Wheeling, W. Va., March 2.—Vice President Carr of the Bellaire Steel company and Cashier A. P. Tallman of the First National bank of Bellaire returned today from Chicago, where they closed the deal by which the big Bellaire plant goes into the control of the National Steel company.

New York, March 2.—Another big consolidation scheme will be realized soon when the National Tube company will ask for a charter in New Jersey. It will have a capital stock of $60,000,000, half of which will be preferred 7 per cent cumulative and half common stock. E. C. Converse of New York, vice-president and general manager of the National tube works company, will be president of the new company which will absorb sixteen of the largest wrought-iron tube companies of the United States and enter into close alliance with ten smaller concerns. Of a total annual tonnage of this product of 1,135,000 tons the combination will control 1,131,000 tons.

J. Pierpont Morgan & Co., financiers of the consolidation, the legal work being done by Sullivan & Cromwell of Wall street. The combination idea was that of E. C. Converse, who was seconded by Joshua Rhodes of the Pennsylvania Tube Company of Pittsburg.

New York, March 2.—John Cudahy, the Chicago packer, is reaching out after the salmon industry of America. He is one of the directors of the Pacific American Fisheries company, chartered today under the laws of New Jersey, and may be elected president in Chicago this week. It is due to his efforts that the fisheries and canneries of Puget sound, Alaska, British Columbia and the entire northwest are to be consolidated into one company with a capitalization of $5,000,000.

Under the charter issued today the company has exceptional latitude and is empowered to acquire all the fishing industries in Oregon, Washington, Alaska, British Columbia and the Pacific ocean. The company has secured forty-three of the Puget sound fisheries and canneries, and the others are to follow. Although in the charter issued today the capitalization is given as $5,000,000, it is said to be only preliminary, and the enlarged capitalization will come with the taking over of more properties.

The above is the record of a single day of the present month, the items being clipped from a single Chicago paper. The trusts are apparently making all speed to meet the storm of public indignation which, we hope, will soon overwhelm them.

## DOWN WITH THE TRUSTS.

Bishop Fallows preached a sermon recently in which he stated that:

"The lesson of limitation must be learned by the men who are illegitimately, although ostensibly within the law, forming trusts and combinations to restrict production, enslave labor, crush out needed competition, increase human misery and sacrifice human lives. The time has come for them to know that the people are sovereign and not a selfish clique of [illegible] wealthy oligarchs. Their right to combine is derived from the people, and when they contest them forever rests with the people. Legislators, judges, executives are but the creatures of the people.

"The time certainly has come for the people to assert themselves and crush out the countless combinations that are plundering them. The organization of "combines" is the rage of the hour. In one issue of the Chicago Tribune last week mention was made of a new consolidation enterprises with a total capitalization of two hundred million dollars. There is hardly any line of business which an effort is not being made to control through the machinery of a trust. Even the manufacturers of matches, tempted perhaps by the high tariff which protects them, are beginning to combine. The consumers will have to pay more and more tribute on their food, their clothing, and all their utensils and implements, unless the formation of trusts is stopped.

"Replies to the czar's proposal for disarmament are coming in. The reply of France is from France and is to the purport that the government will expend $67,000,000 this year in construction of new ships, and $7,000,000 more than the czar will spend, notwithstanding his anxiety for disarmament. The czar may wait and add to his navy six new battleships, one armored cruiser, six protected cruisers, five three-thousand ton cruisers, twenty-four torpedo and thirty-five torpedo boat destroyers. Either he has little faith his disarmament proposition or will be among the most inconsistent. Kipling may have had the right of it, after all, in his story of the bear.

"Emperor Wilhelm's cablegram to Mrs. Richard Kipling in behalf of the author is artistically impulsive, but it is, nevertheless, a signal honor to the poet, who, the emperor says, has made for us such a soul-stirring war 'about the deeds of our great common race.' The international and imperial secretary will do well to send a brief note of kindlier feeling toward Emperor William in England and to America. Undoubtedly, this will call attention to the racial relationship and brotherhood of three of the greatest nations of modern times.

"The present legislature in Indiana must be above the average, or the Terre Haute school board would not have such a soul-stirring lecture. The board has decided to send the pupils of the public school to Indianapolis to get an object lesson in how the legislature is in session. It would be easier to preserve the confidence of young America in this generation of children by keeping him away from legislative halls.

"Any other European powers which desire to come forward and express their high regard and affection for the United States should come now and avoid the rush.

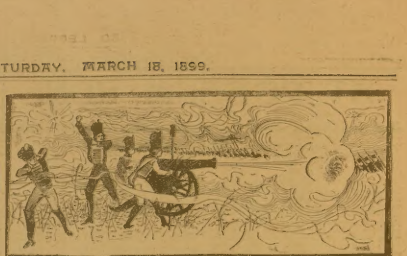
"The attorney general of Missouri has undertaken to crush the Standard Oil trust in that state. The only thing to do in a case of this kind is to keep plugging away.

"The weather man should understand that the public is not in favor of applying the open-door policy to these cold waves from the Canadian northwest.

"As England has begun the building of 110 new warships, it looks as though she regards the white man's burden as the white man's bargain.

Out of regard, possibly, for the sacredness of the day no new trust was organized in New Jersey Washington's birthday.

It begins to look now as if Mr. Quay might have left the key to the situation in his other political trousers.



# THE FEMALE REBELLION.

## A Chapter From Future History Describing the Battle of Level Flats, and the Defeat of Man.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

Early the next spring, as soon as the disappearance of the grass rendered marching possible, Gen. Josie Long, who had in the meantime been appointed to the leadership of the Rebel army, left her winter quarters at Des Moines, and by forced marches withdrew across the Missouri river into the interior of Nebraska.

This move was admirable. She so timed her movements that her whole force was across the river just as the foe began moving out; and while the Masculine army was helpless on the Iowa shore, blocked for the time being by the impassable river, she was able to choose her own ground and prepare for the battle, which was undoubtedly to decide the outcome of the rebellion.

Never since the women had first rebelled had the interest in the war been so intense nor so universal. Gen. Josie was known as the best, the most capable and energetic of the Rebel generals, being in this respect the opposite from Gen. May Lawton, for whom she succeeded. Gen. May, as we have seen, after the famous and sad affair of 2026 in successful but unproductive maneuvers, the sole object of which seemed to be to entice the Masculine army beyond the Missouri, the general opinion was that it would be well for Gen. Josie to change places and attack the Masculine forces near Chicago.

The outcome, however, proved that both ideas were asses. With her entire army of forty thousand well-fed and well-armed Rebels in the little village of Level Flats, and awaited the approach of the Masculine army under Gen. Tom Dodge.

The Rebel army came out of winter quarters in fine condition. All the bicycles had been fitted with new pneumatic tires, and the cavalry horses were consequently in beyond dispute in better condition than those of the Masculine army, which was largely mounted on old wheels, many of the tires of which were punctured.

The Rebel cavalry division numbered 7,000, the balance of the Rebel army consisting of 33,000 infantry. The Masculine army, on the contrary, numbered 75,000, 20,000 of which were cavalry, and 55,000 infantry. It will thus be seen that the Masculine army greatly outnumbered the Rebel force, and only by superior generalship or unexampled valor could Gen. Josie hope to win the day.

In view of this her selection of Level Flats as a battle ground was a wise one.

The country for miles around the little village is level enough to be almost a floor, and hence no advantage was to be had in selecting a position. Nor was the smoothness of the land the Masculine general would be able to make good use of his heavy cavalry arm, in which it greatly outnumbered here by about three to one, it being the arm in which it possessed no advantage.

The ground, however, was not enough in favor of the Masculine army to warrant Gen. Dodge in laying down long rollers, and during the tenth of March and the succeeding night relled the prospective battle ground with smoothness as a billiard table.

On the morning of the eleventh the Masculine army came into view and camped some ten miles to the north of Level Flats. From the movements which could be seen from a glory and the use of field glasses it was plain that Gen. Dodge intended to attack the Rebel forces at daybreak next morning, and before the sun had risen the camp in readiness.

The morning of the twelfth of March, 2017, was one of unparalleled beauty. The sun rose in a glory and shone upon the most as yet spotless battlefield through a crisp, bracing air. The first rays fell upon the Rebel army, drawn up in battle array before the little town of Level Flats.

The northern wing, led by Gen. Dawn East Bloomers, under Gen. Kate Manning; to the left were the Masculine Valley Maidens, under Gen. Fanny Howard, while the right was occupied by the peerless Sunbonnet Division, Gen. Abby Norton, commanding.

Half a mile to the front of the Rebel army and just in front of the village lay the reserve force, consisting of the Ohio Troops under Gen. Mary Lease, Lieut.-Gen. Maggie Halstead, and the Chicago Tribby Corps, under Gen. Alma Olson.

The Rebel cavalry was hidden behind the village, out of sight for the time being, but the infantry well knew that when the time arrived Gen. Grace Hall and her gallant wheelwomen would not fail them.

Gen. Josie could be seen wheeling up and down her lines, exhorting her troops, while the brilliantly uniformed aides dashed here and there on their well-groomed wheels.

It was a beautiful picture as the sun glinted on the polished rifles and painted the bright uniforms in still more gaudy colors and shone from the battalion's field artillery, which occupied the extreme left.

The battle began with a brisk interchange of compliments by the opposed batteries, under cover of which the Masculine army pushed forward in a body.

When within about a mile the Masculine cavalry was observed pushing to the front, while their infantry came to a halt. Evidently it was Gen. Dodge's intention to throw his cavalry forward and to attempt to break the Rebel front with a furious charge.

As soon as this became apparent Gen. Josie ordered her artillery to stand in readiness, and from her knowledge of her resources she awaited the charge without uneasiness.

The Masculine cavalry came on in a beautiful line and at an almost irresistible speed. The wheelmen could be seen bending over their handle bars, in the intensity of their speed, and to a disinterested spectator it resembled a procession of "scorchers."

Every effort was tried to its utmost, every wheel was forced to its limit of speed, and it was a magnificent sight as the charge must certainly cut the Rebel line to pieces and throw it into irretrievable confusion.

But before the onrushing host had covered a fourth of the separating distance, Gen. Josie gave an order, and instantly her whole park of artillery thundered forth a volley of sharpnel tacks.

The guns had been pointed, not at the advancing cavalry, but at the intervening field, and in a moment it was completely covered with millions of sharpnel tacks.

The effect was as Gen. Josie had anticipated.

The rush of the Masculine cavalry was beyond control, and as the wheelmen bore onward with impetuous speed there arose a sound like the moaning of a mighty wind. Twenty thousand pneumatic tires had been punctured at an instant, and the charge was ended.

The Masculine cavalry fell back in the utmost confusion, many riders pushing their disabled wheels before them, and simultaneously the entire Rebel infantry rushed forward with a blood curdling shriek of "Bloomers or Bust!"

It was here that Gen. Kate Manning proved herself beyond doubt a thoroughly emancipated female. As she was bearing down on the front and endeavoring to rally around to a sense of danger by the noise of the battle her bicycle struck a stone and went sideward. For an instant she hesitated, but the cry for an instant she hesitated, but the cry for an instant she hesitated, but the terrible animal jumped on her instep, she sprang forward and forgetful of all else but the cry "Bloomers" into the fray. After the battle the mouse was found in her pocket. For this act of bravery she was promoted to the post of lieutenant-general on the spot.

In spite of similar tremendous act of valor in all parts of the field it soon became apparent that the Rebels were being forced back while the Masculine batteries poured a rain of fire into them, adding to their confusion.

It was then that the Rebel left, which was most exposed to the artillery fire, wavered and broke. Seeing this, Gen. Josie, again this, pressed forward with thunderous cheers and the unequaled fervor of the Bloomers, which division occupied the Rebel center, seeing their support on the left falling back, fell back slightly out the good order; and they would no doubt have soon recovered the lost ground but for the Sunbonnet division, on the right, become panic-stricken.

It was plain something must be done, and quickly.

The Rebel reserves were ordered forward on the double quick, but would they be in time? There was a long line of cavalry before they could be of material assistance, and they were an unsecured principally of the Chicago Tribbys, who moved slowly owing to the large amount of shoe leather they were obliged to carry.

But see! From behind the village comes the Rebel cavalry, seven thousand strong! Gen. Dodge sees them and smiles. He remembers the tacks that had wrecked his own cavalry, and he knows there is no tack proof tire. He does not fear the Rebel wheelwomen. He orders forward his reserve, deciding to annihilate the Rebel army

before their reserves can arrive. He prepares for one mighty blow, and at the word his whole force throws itself upon the weakened Rebel center. The Rebel left was in confusion, and in spite of the heroic efforts of Gen. Fanny Howard to bring order from their chaos, it was plain they were demoralized. This is to be partially accounted for by the fact that the troops composing this division were all young maidens, while opposed to them were the New York Dudes. "The Irreproachables," as they were nicknamed, and as the sunshine hair had become disarranged during the fray they felt a natural desire to withdraw from the gaze of the young men.

The Rebel right was also falling back in disorder, and only the center maintained any semblance of firmness. As the center (the Down East Bloomers) was composed of pause maidens, all over forty years of age, the firm stand made by it can be traced to a general order issued on the eve of the battle by Gen. Josie to the effect that any Rebel capturing a Male prisoner should have him for better, for worse, from that day forward, till death them should part. It was a chance of a lifetime for the center. On the whole defeat seemed to stare the Rebel army in the face. The whole line was in more or less confusion, the reserves a mile away, the cavalry apparently out of the fight, and the Masculine army preparing for an over-powering charge. Many a stanch rebel heart at that moment weakened and saw in the dim vista of the future a long servitude, a dozen of endless dishwashing, afternoon calls, and skirts. To the most hopeful the Rebel cause seemed lost. All that had been now seemed about to be torn away again. The right to vote, the right to smoke cigarettes, the right to wear trousers, the right to govern, the servitude of man, the supremacy of woman, all the great principles involved in the rebellion seemed failing from the unattainable.

Already Gen. Dodge saw the haughty Josie Long bound down in a wife's servitude, humbly donning skirts and rocking a cradle. What love had not failed to achieve his superior military ability was about to bring to pass.

But loud and shrill, above the noise of the battle, rises a female cheer. Oblivious of the millions of tacks, the Rebel cavalry is dashing to the rescue. Across the tack-strewn plain on wheels, gathering speed at every tread, and with one long blood-curdling shriek, dashes through the weakened Rebel lines and falls upon the Masculine batteries.

The Masculine ranks pause in their onward charge. The Rebel cavalry charge seems superhuman. How could they cross the Tack-Sea unperturbed?

The explanation is simple. Each wheel bore before it a magnetized shield, and so the wheels sped on the tacks were drawn by locked from the path by the influence of the magnets.

The charge was the turning point of the battle and of the war.

Before the Masculine army could recover from its astonishment, the batteries were captured, and the Rebel wheels were upon them like a living avalanche of fire and steel, and like the snow before the autumn sun, the Masculine lines melted into confusion and fell back.

Now the Rebel reserve arrived in perfect order, and to add to the completeness of the defeat the fire-retarding properties had before nightfall the entire Masculine army was taken, including Gen. Dodge and all his officers.

That very night in the village of Level Plain he signed an unconditional surrender, agreeing to all the demands of the Rebels, and with his surrender the war practically came to a close and the perfect independence of women was consummated.

The next day the Masculine congress adjourned sine die, and vacated the capitol at Washington, and the Female assembly took actual control of the government.

Taking the batter.

## A BASHFUL MAN.

There was a decided sensation when the Sterlings moved into our humdrum little town. The "Charles Dickens club," which several of the ambitious ladies of the Baptist church had organized for the mental elevation of the community, and which every woman in town had joined, not for any desire to be "elevated," but because it was a novelty and "Mrs. Stebbins" belonged to it, forgot to read a single chapter in "David Copperfield," but devoted the entire attention to the discussion of the "new family."

As the Sterling grounds adjoin me I was enabled at an early date to form an opinion concerning the newcomers, and I became convinced at once that they would prove desirable neighbors, and surely I would be pleasant to have at least one interesting family in the town with whom I might exchange a few words with now and then upon some subject other than the well-worn weather affliction, which seemed to be the only topic with which my village acquaintances appeared at all familiar.

Mrs. Sterling brought with her two charming daughters, Phyllis and Genevieve. They had been in town only a few hours when Jane decided I shall be obliged to quote Jane in spite of my scruples) that Mrs. Peabody came to see her under the pretense of making a call, but in reality to enjoy the view of the Sterling house obtainable from our kitchen windows, for on seeing the two young ladies had expired.

"You see if them two don't set their caps for you, dear Mr. Gay."

Jane eats a legend that long ago I incurred Mrs. Peabody's everlasting wrath by not marrying her daughter, Amelia, after raising her hopes to a dizzy height by offering her the protection of my combination umbrella one day when the amiable Jane had been caught in a sudden shower far from home, and I had accompanied her to her mother's door, which upon an urgent invitation, I had entered, for the first and last time, stayed exactly nine minutes by the grandfather's clock in the corner.

I was in the study, overlooking the Sterling plains, on Saturday afternoon, Peabody made her first call on the Sterling ladies, doubtless thinking of me; but I never failed to raise my hat with studied politeness.

One day while I was looking over my roses I once more became an unintentional eavesdropper. Hearing voices in the adjoining garden, I was about to beat a hasty retreat when I became aware that it would be too late to do so, the following conversation was well under way:

"Indeed, dearest, isn't it a pity Mr. Gay su'ers so from shyness? His books are charming."

I recognized the gentle voice of Phyllis.

"Yes," laughed the reviewer, "he nearly has a fit whenever I mention the groves purple in the face, really! Socially he is impossible. Why, I believe he's a woman hater."

The following day I picked a tremendous bunch of grass, the blushing lacks (they considered me one, beyond a doubt) and walked boldly over and rang the Sterling's bell. The white-capped maid who answered my ring showed me by her wide-open eyes that my reputed failing was well known even in that quarter. I left a message that my roses and grass were at the ladies' disposal, and fled.

The following I had put the finishing touches on my new work, "Roses and Their Cultivation," and for want of something better to begin a new novel, except I had proceeded far I knew it would never be completed, for I am a partly imaginative account of my own affairs, and as I had never been known to wear a fluff romance about Phyllis and myself, a foolish love affair was out of the question, of course. Then I decided to wait, at a certain point, and let the situation develop itself.

It developed the next day. In the morning I received a daintily written note from Genevieve Sterling, thanking me for the roses, and inviting me to tea for that afternoon. I gave the invitation, if it be needless to relate, and it may be of interest to the reader that I myself was not discovered I was quite equal to such a social function, and I trembled not, neither did I grow pale, but I was nervous and flurried.

Things went merrily for several weeks. I was on the most friendly, and Phyllis and I often talked across the dividing wall from our respective studies.

Then, when I had rescued my reputation from the clutches of Mrs. Peabody by my own exertions, and had determined that courage failed me at the critical moment.

By the way, I forgot to inform the that I didn't want to be a bachelor any longer I had proposed to Phyllis and been refused by her; I dreaded to appear in the role of an unfortunate lover, so I'm not so old, after all. I could see Genevieve's mirth ready break out at any unguarded moment. Sterling, however, was sympathetic, and Phyllis—she was different. As a consolation I thought you all that happy ending, placed it in one of my little blue covers, and hurried away, with many sighs, in a drawer of my desk, where several others similarly bound, and all sight-way forced, about the subject.

One day Phyllis begged me to allow her to read the completed manuscript of "Roses and their Cultivation," before it was sent off to the publisher Indefinitely to fulfill her wish, I went to my study and seized the desired work, which I gave to her. Then I hurried to catch the afternoon train to the city, as I had some urgent business there.

The next day, perceiving Phyllis in the summer house, I went over to greet her. I had been there six minutes when I was amused, and although turned away, I could hear every word. A deep pink. Her voice, usually so frank and [illegible] responded to the composition plaintive [illegible] tating tones

[illegible] enjoy the [illegible] have that [illegible] overfills [illegible] get finite

dazed voice [illegible]

"The pub[illegible]. Surely, oh, Gay, you never intended to publish! She held out my supposed [illegible] chase inspection.

In my haste I had g[illegible] manuscript.

Phyllis was evidently angry. If ever a bashful man was in a tight fix I was.

I first explained, then explained during the mistake; I told her I had only written the novel for my own amusement, for which I apologized. I now humbly apologized, then, blind as I was, I did not notice how sad her face became, how pale her cheeks.

"I never intended you to see it, of course. It is all finished," she said, in a dull, dead, simple. Every word of it fiction."

"Oh, indeed, Miss Sterling," she said, a little stiff.

Then my good angel turned a ray of light into my darkened mind, for I a[illegible] promptly, with the courage of conviction:

"It is in your power to make it truth. Will you, dear?"

She murmured "Yes."

1899 BICYCLES DOWN TO $8.25

Many of our 1898 high grade wheels have been sold during the past 30 days at $25 to $32, and now we are closing them out at $15 to $18 each. Only one-fifth cash down payment is made. For catalogue and full particulars call at or address

ARIS, ROBINSON & [illegible]

### Helps and Hints.

You can make silk handkerchiefs look like new as new if you will squeeze them out in borax and water. If you want them to be very soft add a little borax in the rinsing water.

Did you ever paint your kitchen floor and think how nice it was going to be and then have it stay sticky? Well, I did, and made me rather blue. Somebody told me to give it a good cleaning and then go over it with a coat of Japan. I did and it worked like a charm. It left it hard and smooth and is easy to keep clean.

Put a little ammonia in the water and see how it will make the foliage grow on your house plants. Charcoal will bring out the

Be Ready.

[illegible] mend the [illegible]
[illegible] th cold winds howl an[illegible] squeal;
Sitting at ease and bound to get [illegible]
[illegible]p on rubbing on your wheel

[illegible]mend the roads are mushy
[illegible]th mu[illegible] al,
[illegible] ou're following
[illegible] up your wheel

Never mind that sunshine [illegible]
Mary's [illegible]n has she wrote?
Smile, grow[illegible] don't you be a [illegible]
Keep on rubbing on your wheel

ANY LADY

Who wishes to work can earn lots of money writing for us at spare hours or all the time. We will [illegible] for you a good chance to make plenty of spending [illegible] send it to-day. [illegible] Dept. 8, Alden, Mass.

Never mind that sunshine [illegible]
Mary's [illegible]n has she wrote?
Smile, grow[illegible] don't you be a [illegible]
Keep on rubbing on your wheel

ANY LADY

Who wishes to work can earn lots of money writing for us at spare hours or all the time. We will [illegible] for you a good chance to make plenty of spending [illegible] send it to-day. [illegible] Dept. 8, Alden, Mass.

Her Idea of Her Worth.

A [illegible] married a couple [illegible] waiters were signed, and nothing remained but the giving and taking of the fee, the bridegroom, a strapping young fellow, asked "How much?" The parson glanced at the smiling bride and shyly answered, whatever you think it's worth." What it should have been worth a good deal for this girl was young and pretty, "Section 1176 worth about 50 cents," said the wise, holding out the coins, but the clergyman looked blank [illegible] the coins, then turned to the fair [illegible] I'll leave it to you, madam," he said. "What do you think it would be worth to this young and blushing bride-to-be?" She reached out her hand, took the coins, handed them to the minister and put the other into her pocket! "Twenty cents," said the Canadian, with a sigh, as her husband [illegible] a crown

$25 REAL BARGAINS

[illegible] Top Road Wagons at $22.75
[illegible] Spring and Surrey.
[illegible] Buggies $43.50, Phaetons $97, Canopy Top Surreys $65, Carts $17.50, Harness $8.75, Farm Harness $12.50, Saddles $3.50. Send for everything in the vehicle line at lowest wholesale prices. Every vehicle and harness guaranteed. Write for catalogue and prices in it. Agents wanted. Mention this paper. We refer to any bank or dealer's profile. We sell one or more as low as others sell by the set. Don't buy a vehicle or harness before examination. Guaranteed as represented or money refunded. Write for catalogue and prices in it. Agents wanted.
CASH BUYERS' UNION, 158 W. Vanburen St. & 21, Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

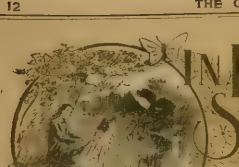
[illegible] If you [illegible] need or have to sell land in 39 States, write [illegible] Land Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STARK [illegible] STARK BROS. Louisiana, Mo. PAY FREIGHT
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CARDS [illegible] name for Acrostic Book of the Fair, [illegible] Card Co., Box 2988, Boston, Mass.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

[illegible]
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH
The Great Natural Writing Machine.
FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS.
Every man and woman who writes a letter, will find the Weto Graph a necessity. Don't send ago until you get circulars, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]




# BLUE WATER ROVERS.

## *In Search of What?---A Thrilling Story of Peril and Adventure---To Quicken the Pulse of Boys and Girls.*

By VICTOR ST. CLAIR.

Copyrighted
SYNOPSIS.

A strange ship appears at Gray Gull, a New England fishing village, and the crew of the ship is commanded by Karl Lorraine, a handsome young fellow. The name of the ship is a pirate craft, but Karl denies it. He says he is an exile and is looking for Jack Weatherhorn, who lives in Gray Gull. Red Rayner, who lives with great, handsome Deems, who abuses him, and Ralph Morton, nephew of Weatherhorn, are on the beach. A man falls overboard from the strange ship and Ned rows out and rescues him. When he returns to shore Deems is being drunk, catches Ralph and Ned fighting. The captain of the ship has an interview with Jack Weatherhorn and both are in great excitement. Ralph and Ned go to see what the Silversail, the strange craft, the former to watch the course of the ship for his uncle Weatherhorn, the latter to get away from his cruel uncle, Jack Deems. Ralph, Karl's sister, a sunny and charming maiden, is sailing with her brother. Only Ned and Karl know the destination of the ship. A man on board, who seems to be leader, attacks Ned as if to destroy him. Ivora, Karl's sister, rescues Ned, and the two escape away. Ned and Ralph are introduced to Karl. Calvo Lorraine, a cousin, who seems to be Ivora's special friend, also recognizes him as the man who had fallen overboard and been rescued by his cousin. The crazy sailor, Uncle Neptune, is strange enough, only save when a storm is raging. At length the Silversail enters the Blue Water realm of the tropical zone. Ralph and Ned that this is watery kingdom of Conrad, the Blue Water Rover, his enemy and foe. They meet Conrad's ship, the Winged Wind, in the harbor of Nassau. Conrad tries to kill Karl, but the latter escapes in the darkness he feels a swelling and catching it attacks on board a ship only to find himself on the dreaded Winged Wind. Conrad tries to force information from Karl by torture, but rather than betray his friend Ned consents to walk the plank. Leon Calvo goes in search of Ned and, creeping on board the Winged Wind, they jump into the sea and escape. After drifting for three days they land on an island. They find natives on the island, of men once cast away from the way of the world. Karl is discovered among the natives. "What, Karl! Is that you?" a voice called. "A clew! A clew!" he cries. The tobacco man, Uncle Neptune, was one who was up near this island by Karl. In a lucid hour he says his home was by Gray Gull. The vessel fights a battle with the Winged Wind.

### CHAPTER XII.

IN DARKNESS AND DESPAIR.

Before Leon Calvo could reply to Ned Rayner's singular outburst of feelings, the stamp of heavy feet fell upon the deck, and when, starting to their feet, they were surprised to see a party of armed men rapidly approaching them in the opposite course from which they had come.

"They belong to the Blue Water rovers!" said Leon, recognizing the gang from their dress. "Quick! we must away from here."

"Stand!" commanded the foremost of the outlaws, raising his firearm as he spoke, an example immediately followed by those with him. "Stand where you are or we will shoot you down in your tracks."

There was a dozen in the party, and our friends both saw that it would be the height of folly to try to escape, so they faced the newcomers with what coolness they could muster.

"What do you want of us?" demanded Leon.

"We are simply castaways here, who have climbed this elevation in the hope we could not discover a sail on the distant sea."

"It matters little what brought you here, but your being here does make matters a little different to us," replied the leader of the rovers, a tall, powerful man, in middle life. "We allow no man in our domain who can show no right to be here, and you must come with us."

"Do you promise not to harm us if we consent to yield in peace?"

"We promise nothing, so we shall not disappoint you. You will come with us as prisoners, it not that plain enough to you?"

"But what do you mean to do with us?"

"It is an unalterable law of life that no one holds a key to the future. Therefore you will excuse me if I decline to answer your foolish questions."

"Men, bind them securely."

Seeing the uselessness of resistance, Leon and Ned allowed themselves to be bound and led away captives.

The descent on this side of the heights was more gentle than by the way they had come, and after going half a mile they came to a sparsely wooded country, over which they were hurried as fast as it was possible for them to go.

Taken deeper and deeper into the tropical forest, it soon became too dark for them to see their surroundings, though their captors seemed perfectly familiar with the ground.

After what seemed a long time to them, the rovers came to a halt, and looking out through a break in the forest the prisoners saw a light streak which they knew was the sea.

"Bind low!" commanded the leader of the outlaws, "and be careful how you step."

Though it was too dark for them to see the ground, they could tell where they were entering a cavern which opened into the face of a cliff standing back a few hundred yards from the sea coast.

At the expense of some severe cuts from the jagged walls and sharp concussion on the head, the captives at last found themselves in an underground cavern, dimly revealed by a row of flickering torches stuck in the crevices of the rocky walls.

"Halt! who comes here?" demanded a gruff voice from one of the dark corners.

"Friends," replied the foremost of the captors. "By the right hand let us pass in."

Immediately the voice ceased to speak, when the captors entered an inner apartment, where they were lighted with better fires.

This was occupied by thirty or forty rough looking men, who reclined around the cavern wall, but all of whom sprang to their feet at the entrance of the party.

At the upper end of this underground retreat was a raised platform, which was covered with a heavy carpet mat, while the walls were hung with gorgeous draperies and richly carved work, a thousand and one ornaments, selected, no doubt, from the treasures of the many ships which had come from their many victims.

A curtain of rare colors hung across the foot of the stage, which, being drawn partly aside, revealed the richly carved chair, upon which had been carelessly flung a mantle of great beauty and richness, with here and there a glimpse of the bejeweled and fantastic markings. It was of deep blue, and Leon Calvo knew that it was one the dread hand worked in its center.

Leon Calvo knew also that it belonged to Conrad of the Red Hand, and that the place was that of the rover's retreat, while a portion of his followers were awaiting his return.

A burly Spaniard instantly sprang into the chair, as the captors with their victims entered the cavern, wearing the cloak and the golden handle of the short sword he wore by his side, he cried, in a half drawn the weapon from its scabbard:

"What ho! whom have you there, good Casper?"

"Strangers in our domain, Viceroy Regent, and no doubt enemies."

"All strangers are enemies."

"Then, first mate," the stack eyes upon the captives, he demanded:

"What is the charge to that, intruders?"

"Only that we were cast away upon this island, and were on the heights watching for a sail, when we were taken by you without any resistance on our part bore us here," replied Calvo.

"Your story sounds preadventure," said the leader. "Bear them away to the inner dungeon." Then turning to the captors he gave the weapon from its scabbard:

"What ho! whom have you there, good Casper?"

"Strangers in our domain, Viceroy Regent, and no doubt enemies."

"All strangers are enemies."

Then, first mate, the stack eyes upon the captives, he demanded:

"What is the charge to that, intruders?"

"Only that we were cast away upon this island, and were on the heights watching for a sail, when we were taken by you without any resistance on our part bore us here," replied Calvo.

"Your story sounds preadventure," said the leader. "Bear them away to the inner dungeon." Then turning to the captors he gave the golden handle of the short sword he wore by his side, he cried, at the half drew

were some of the words Karl and Ivora heard with speechless amazement:

"Stand back, Prince Lorraine! there is death ahead. On this sea! this boundless sea! we shall die! we shall die! Water! water! water! Ay, the paper! ay, I will sign it. Let me see the paper, Alfonso Lorraine. That is right, your name should be at the head. Mine next! Ay, and then Jacks and Jason's—Iandho! Saved at last!"

### CHAPTER XVII.

### THE HEART IN THE ROCK.

Leon and Ned had barely finished speaking before the glimmer of a torch again lighted the dismal place, when the outlaw called Casper reappeared upon the scene, followed by half a dozen of Conrad's league.

"Waiting for us, eh?" said the rover. "Well, we have voted on you, and you may consider yourselves elected by a handsome majority."

"Bring them into the hall, lads, and you needn't handle them over gently, for them as had reached the end of their ropes won't care."

Following this coarse command the prisoners were brought back into the presence of him who seemed in control during the absence of the Blue Water king.

"What, ho!" greeted the latter, fixing his baleful eyes upon the captive twain. "How feel you, youngsters, after your communion in the darkness? Are you ready to die?"

"Sir," replied Leon, "you have no right to treat us in this way. We are inoffensive persons."

"Know ye, fools, that might is right where the fearless meet. But to come to the subject which I dare say is uppermost in your minds, let us talk of your fates. We have discussed it here while you waited, and it is the unanimous opinion that you deserve the fate of spies, which no doubt you were.

"Men, are they securely bound?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Then take them away to Death Dungeon, and see that you do not bungle in your work. Be lively in your proceedings, for we must away from here soon on important duty."

Without further words Leon and Ned were dragged from the apartment into one of the natural passages which led into the deeper recesses.

Leon attempted to address the leader, but

"All strangers are enemies, take them to the death dungeon."

his words were cut short by a smart blow upon the mouth.

Half a dozen of the outlaws accompanied him called Casper, the prisoners kept in their midst.

Nothing was said as they groped their way blindly along the winding passageway, dimly lighted by the same torch which had done duty so long.

At last the passage seemed to widen until they were in a room of several feet in diameter, and the captors paused.

"Now, lads, to have the work over as soon as possible," said the leader, as he came to a standstill, thrusting the torch ahead of him in his endeavor to penetrate the darkness beyond. "We must be near the pit."

"Ay, ay, ten feet farther on," declared one of his followers.

"Bring them along, then, to its edge," ordered Conrad, advancing more carefully.

After going a short distance the prisoners saw the flickering light the brink of a deep abyss yawning before them.

"Your grave!" said the outlaw leader tersely. "It may or may not be satisfying for you to know that it is as deep as the bottomless pit. You may care to know, also, that at its bottom lie the bones of better men than you could ever hope to make. This is Conrad's favorite fate for his victims. It's easier than shooting and quicker than hanging."

All this was said in such a cold-blooded tone that the boys could not suppress the shudder which ran through their frames.

"Will you take the fatal step without assistance, or shall we be forced to help you along? It will be over in a moment."

"Wretch!" exclaimed Leon, "are you so devoid of manhood that you would consign to this terrible fate the boys who never wronged you or any one else?"

"You have answered my question," retorted the outlaw.

"Let this be my answer, then," cried the hot-headed Leon, suddenly throwing his body against the other with a force, bound as he was, which dashed the desperado back against the jagged wall and causing him to drop the torch upon the rocks, its light quickly going out.

"Stop them, lads!" cried the startled Casper. "Quick! before they murder us all."

Send them right and left!" shouted Leon hurling himself upon the nearest corsair with all the force he could muster.

By this time the other corsairs were aroused, but the expiration of the torch had left the scene enveloped in a pitchy darkness, so friends nor foes could not see each other.

"However, bound as they were, the prisoners made a bitter fight for a minute, and then a strange and unexpected occurrence suddenly ended the struggle.

A crash like thunder rang up and down the passage, and Ned and Leon felt themselves carried headlong through the air, to fall upon the rocky floor, stunned by the furious concussion.

Wild shrieks filled the cavern, drowned by the terrific intonations of the breaking rock, and then a deathlike silence fell upon the place.

Ned came back to consciousness first, and he found that he had burst his bonds in his fearful passage, but that, save for a few cuts and bruises, he was not hurt. It was as dark as ever, but after feeling about he found Leon lying prone upon the rocky floor and breathing heavily.

He was about to speak to him, when the sound of voices reached his ears and a torchlight filled the passageway to his right. In a moment he was able to see a dozen of the corsairs following along the passage, looking, as he soon learned, for their companions.

Fearful, by the light of the torch, Ned saw that a huge slice of the rock had broken off from the main body and fallen across the chasm in such a way as to carry Leon and himself over the pit. A wide gap now yawned where the piece of rock had stood.

This huge fragment had doubtless been jarred from its resting place by the struggle in the dark.

As he watched and listened he heard the corsairs discuss the fate of their companions, and of Leon and himself, to hear them come to the conclusion that all had been crushed under the rock. With this decision they all went back from whence they had come, very much to Ned's relief.

As soon as Leon had recovered his consciousness they began to explore the passage, following it for a long distance, and finally succeeded in finding that it led to an exit to the surface of the earth, where they came in the end after many hours by dint of hard climbing they reached the pure air of freedom.

Leon no further time. Ned having freed Leon no further time. Ned having freed Leon from his fetters, they both started for the cave, keeping a sharp lookout for the corsairs, whom they expected upon their heels every moment.

This fascinating story will be continued next week. See page fifteen.

### Apart.

You will forget, of course; no mortal man Was ever built to be a constant plan.
Was ever built to be a constant plan.
So be it; let the dear dream fade from view
Forget—but don't forget that I will, too.

### Warnings.

Don't send for a physician if you are lovesick.
Don't eat pie with your fingers. Eat it with your mouth.
Don't neglect your family in order to pose as a public benefactor.
Don't sit down and wait for a good job to come along and hunt you up.
Don't tell all your troubles to a policeman; give the reporters a chance.

### Mean Neighbors.

Mrs. Brown—Did you borrow sugar from her neighbor)—Do you know, Jane, I half believe this is the same butter we paid the Greenes with day before yesterday.

Jane—It does taste mighty like it. Terrible stuff!

Mrs. Brown—To think that the Greenes would pass such butter as that on a neighbor! I'm sure it's the same.

### Levity.

Here the lecturer grew earnest.

"I am convinced," he exclaimed, "that the woman who does her own cooking is more likely to find a place among the angels than the woman who doesn't."

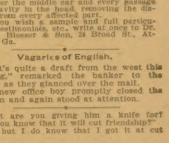
Now a voice protruded itself harshly.

"If she cooks with gasoline," said the voice.

### Unchangeable and Everlasting.

The whissing autotruck may come, the horseless carriage,
The elements may do the work that horses do,
But as long as man keep striving on for forever more or less,
You will find that money'n always make the mare go, just the same.


**SEND NO MONEY** WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this out and send to us and we will ship you this GRAND DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK SEWING MACHINE by Freight C. O. D. subject to examination. You can examine at your nearest freight depot and if you find it perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented in this advertisement, pay the freight agent our Special Offer Price $15.50 and freight charges. The machine weighs about 200 lbs. and the freight rates are very low. We ship each 500 miles. **$15.50 DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK**



**$15.50 DROP DESK CABINET BURDICK**

**BEWARE OF IMITATIONS** Purchasers should write only to our authorized dealers, whose names will be furnished on request. Write some friend in Chicago and learn who we are. RELIABLE AS THE SUN.

**THE BURDICK** IS THE BEST MACHINE IN AMERICA FOR THE MONEY.

**$15.50**

**SOLID QUARTER SAWED OAK DROP DESK CABINET.**

**FREE TRIMMINGS.**

**GUARANTEED** for 20 years. Positive four motion feed, self threading shuttle, automatic bobbin winder, improved tension, self regulating, self setting needle, high arm, handsome drop leaf, full set of attachments, instruction book, quilter, hemmer, feller, binder, tucker, ruffler, braider, gauge, etc., etc. Every machine is fully nickel plated, handsomely decorated and supplied with the latest improvements.

**GUARANTEED** the lightest running, most durable and easiest managed sewing machine made. Warranted for 20 years. Equal to any $60.00 machine sold by agents or dealers. Don't pay $60.00 for a machine when you can get one of the same size and style from us for $15.50. Remember, you run no risk. Every machine is fully guaranteed for 20 years.

**A 30 YEARS BINDING GUARANTEE** to send with every machine. **IT COSTS YOU NOTHING** to examine this machine. If you are not satisfied with those your storekeeper asks $40.00 for, you can return it at our expense and we will pay you $24.50 for your trouble. We ship each machine on 10 days' trial and if you find it in any way unsatisfactory after 10 days' use, you can return it at our expense and we will refund your money and pay you $24.50 for your trouble. Address,

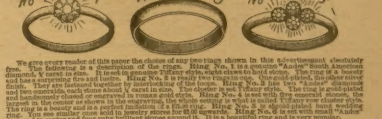
**SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.) Chicago, Ill.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

**FREE** Such a valuable premium by writing our good-natured, reliable watch jeweler, Robert Lewis Dietz, 28 Dietz Building, Chicago, Ill. Watch jr. gentlemen's and ladies and charm, free for trading 6 cards. Also 6 cards for a ring, 6 cards for a pair of cuff buttons, 6 cards for a pair of studs, 6 cards for a locket, 6 cards for a chain, 6 cards for a bracelet, 6 cards for a pair of earrings, 6 cards for a pin. Many genuine rare gold premiums to be given away. We send no cards to canvass. We send no cards to Boston to pay your postage. Merely write and we send them by return mail. Don't delay. Write at once. Be the first to get a premium. Mention this paper. Address, ROBERT LEWIS DIETZ, 28 Dietz Building, Chicago, Ill. Dept. 28. Chicago Watch Jewelry Co., New York, N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

**FINE RINGS FREE.**




**Enclose slip of paper showing size of finger.**

We give every reader of this paper the choice of any two rings shown in this advertisement absolutely free. No. 1 is a Cameo Ring. No. 2 is a description of the rings. Ring No. 1 is a genuine Cameo, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size. It is set in genuine Tiffany style, eight claws to hold stone. The ring is a beauty and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 2 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 3 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 4 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 5 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 6 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. The ring is gold-plated and the stone is set in a gold-plated setting. The cameo is set in Tiffany style, eight claws to hold the stone. The figure in the center as shown in the engraving, the whole setting is what is called Tiffany style. The ring is a beauty and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 7 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 8 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 9 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 10 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 11 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 12 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 13 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 14 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 15 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 16 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 17 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 18 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 19 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 20 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 21 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 22 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 23 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 24 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 25 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 26 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 27 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 28 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 29 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 30 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 31 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 32 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 33 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 34 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 35 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 36 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 37 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 38 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 39 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 40 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 41 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 42 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 43 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 44 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 45 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 46 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 47 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 48 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 49 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 50 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 51 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 52 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 53 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 54 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 55 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 56 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 57 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 58 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 59 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 60 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 61 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 62 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 63 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 64 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 65 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 66 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 67 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 68 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 69 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 70 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 71 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 72 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 73 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 74 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 75 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 76 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 77 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 78 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 79 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 80 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 81 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 82 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 83 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 84 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 85 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 86 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 87 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 88 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 89 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 90 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 91 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 92 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 93 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 94 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 95 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 96 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 97 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 98 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 99 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief. Ring No. 100 is a Cameo Ring, set with a fine diamond, 'e carat in size, and has a carved effect in relief.

**SAMPLES MAILED FREE**

**A Wonderful Remedy Discovered For the Cure of**

**CATARRH AND DEAFNESS**

**Deaf Ears Unstopped—Headache Banished. Eyes, Nose, Throat, Lungs and Stomach Freed From Disease.**

"After being deaf for five years, one box of your Catarrh Cure cured me."

The above was written to Dr. J. W. Bloser & Son by Mr. Paul Rupert, of Saltillo, Pa., and is only one out of hundreds of similar letters. The remedy is applied in the form of a medicated smoke-vapor inhaled from a pipe. By a simple process, which we explain in the directions accompanying the remedy, the medicine is made to enter the middle ear and every passage and cavity in the head, removing the disease from every affected part.

If you wish a sample and full particulars, testimonials, etc., write at once to Dr. J. W. Bloser & Son, 24 Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.

**Vagaries of English.**

"That's quite a draft from the west this morning," remarked the banker to the cashier as they entered over the mail.

The new office boy promptly closed the transom and again stood at attention.

"What are you giving him a knife for? Don't you know that it will cut friendship?"

"No; but I do know that I got it at cut rates."

**"DIRT DEFIES THE KING." THEN**

**SAPOLIO**

**IS GREATER THAN ROYALTY ITSELF.**

# WOMAN'S RIGHTS!

## The Right Way to Get Them and the Right Man to Give Them.

THE natural rights of every woman are health and happiness. Every woman who has these can hold her own in any sphere. Mere artistic or surface beauty cannot vie permanently with the beauty which health and happiness confer.

**THE RIGHT OF HEALTH** can be assured to ninety-eight women out of every hundred. This assurance is given by Dr. Pierce after more than thirty years' experience in the treatment and cure of female diseases, in which time he has *confidentially treated*, with assistance of his staff of trained specialists, over half a million ailing women.

**CONSIDER CAREFULLY THESE FACTS.**—A woman's general health depends on the local health of the delicate, womanly organs. When these are deranged or diseased, the complexion becomes sallow or muddy, there are dark rings under the eyes, the back aches, there is nervousness, restlessness and irritability. Following debilitating drains or female weakness, the body loses its roundness as the face loses its fairness. Cure these local diseases, drive out these aches and pains, and the complexion becomes bright and clear and the body regains its graceful lines and curves.

**WOMAN'S LOCAL HEALTH** can be restored. Facts prove it. Ninety-eight times in every hundred cases, female diseases are cured by Dr. Pierce. This great percentage is not based upon the treatment and cure of a few hundreds, but upon the treatment and cure of more than five thousand hundreds.

**HALF A MILLION WOMEN,** and more, have been restored to the enjoyment of the right of health by Dr. R. V. Pierce. Are you one of the two women whose condition can not be perfectly cured? Or are you one of the ninety-eight who can be perfectly and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce? You can find out with little trouble and no expense. Any sick woman is invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without charge or fee. Write fully and fearlessly. Your letter will be read in private, answered in private, and a reply sent in a private envelope closely sealed and bearing no advertising or other printing upon it. Address Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOMAN'S MEDICAL ADVISER

### "HEALTH UTTERLY GONE."

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's remedies and have long felt it my duty to express my deep heart-felt gratitude to you, and to acknowledge the benefit I received from Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria O. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago after the birth of one of my children I was left in a weak, run down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief, it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble or pain. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement only by the help due solely to Dr. Pierce's medicines. She was a fine healthy child and the only one I ever have been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in *thanks*, as words would be impotent for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and to Dr. Pierce."

## DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

**MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG** *AND SICK WOMEN WELL.*

**It Is Strictly a Temperance Medicine**

Containing no Alcohol, Opium or other Intoxicant or Narcotic.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.


## PROVIDENTIAL ROBBERY.

BY FRED P. FOSTER.

Owing to unfortunate investments, Thomas Brown, who had been one of the wealthiest men in the thriving village of Menton, was suddenly a bankrupt.

This, in turn, rendered it necessary that his only child—Walter by name and 17 years of age—thenceforth should depend upon his own resources for support. The young man bravely accommodated himself to the changed condition of things, and applied for and secured a situation with Parker & Paige, the largest mercantile concern in the town.

Soon after this promotion he made bold to ask a daughter of Mr. Parker to become his wife, and she unhesitatingly promised to do so, "if you can gain father's consent."

Confident that the father must have noticed his attentions to the daughter, been aware of what they imported, had no objections thereto, he easily found courage to say to him:

"Mr. Parker, Nellie is dearer to me than all else on earth, and I have reason to believe that I am equally dear to her. The other evening I asked her to marry me and she said she would if you consented to her doing so."

"There is no young man for whom I entertain a higher regard than for you, Walter," Mr. Parker quietly observed, "and I have no objections to you as a son-in-law.

"But," he continued, "in my opinion, no man should take unto himself a wife until he has at his command as much money as her dowry will amount to. My wedding gift to Nellie will be $1,500, and if you have that amount I am ready to intrust her future happiness to your keeping."

"I have not," was the response, "though I have endeavored to be economical ever since I began to earn my own living. I think, however, when another year has passed $1,500 will be at my disposal."

Some three months subsequent to this conference, stepping to the desk where Walter was at work, Mr. Parker remarked:

"I am owing William Dow $300, which I promised to pay him today. I have just learned that he is suffering with the rheumatism and cannot come here, and circumstances render it impossible for me to go to his home today. Are you willing to take the money to him this evening?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Thank you. You can drive to his home with one of my horses, if you wish."

"I'd as soon walk, as the exercise will do me good, though I might prefer to ride, were Nellie at home," smiling as he spoke.

"Quite likely," Mr. Parker rejoined, also smiling as he passed Walter a roll of bills.

William Dow lived nearly two miles from Merton village, on a desolate road, and Walter had gone on his way somewhat more than a mile when he met a man on horseback, who, leaping from his steed, exclaimed:

"I mean business and I do not wish to injure you. Your money or—take the consequences," drawing a revolver and pointing it toward Walter's head as he spoke.

Realizing that any attempt to overcome him would be in vain, Walter passed all the money in his possession over to him.

He mounted his horse and rapidly drove in a direction that led from Merton. As he started, something dropped to the ground—apparently from his pocket—which, stooping to see what it was, Walter found to be a plethoric pocketbook, and placed it in his own pocket.

Reaching the village, he went to Mr. Parker's, and narrated to him his adventure. Then, producing the pocketbook, he opened it, to find therein quite an amount of counterfeit money, a large number of check blanks, representing various banks, and nearly $1,200 in good money.

"He contents prove my Dick Turpin guilty of other offences against the law than robbery," Walter said. "He probably cares more for his liberty than for this money, and will make no attempt to recover the lost property, as, in the parlance of the day, it would 'give him away.' Nor would he care to have me hunt him down and restore it to him, for the same reason.

"Here is your $200," he went on handing that amount to Mr. Parker, "and now I have more than $1,500 at my disposal."

### The Wife's View of It.

"Your husband needs rest, madam," said the doctor, "he is working too hard."

"I know it, doctor," said the wife, "but just think of it—it's all in a good cause. If he is working himself to death, it is to keep up his life insurance!"

### THE BODURATE SAVAGE.

We didn't want to hurt you;
It was our sole intent
To generously convert you
With hymn and tantament;
To stop the foolish capers
Which, with such pain we note,
To make you read the papers
And teach you how to vote.

Your powers we meant to rally,
Until we knew you'd reach
And learn to like the ballot
And the after-dinner speech.
We're benevolently pressing
To-day the hopes we long have nursed,
Though we find—and it's distressing—
That we'll have to thrash you first.

## DIVORCE OF A FEUD.

BY J. NOEL JOHNSON.

"Lemme say it to ye in big letters, Fred Peterson, so's you can't fail to see the whole meanin' of it. If you steal my Betty, an' I'm off and marry her, I'll fill your hide as full of holes as a meal sieve!"

Then stalked Jim Pitchford to where young Fred Peterson as the two stood in the wood on Kinconnick creek, Kentucky, one May morning three years ago.

The young man, tall and broad, graceful as the pine that, on the hill above them, swayed in the breeze to the tune of the winds, met the blazing eyes of old Ben with a look of fearless mirthfulness. "There was no defiance or impudence in his face. It was sunshine confronting a black cloud—light not afraid of the blackness.

"Oh, shucks! Major Pitchford, I know you are a dead man with a gun. I know you've got a quick temper, a cool nerve, a quick eye and a perfect marksmanship. I know you are a skilled hand and a long bowie. You've got an ivy heart in front of it, but it's plain warm cuse to those that have claims on your affection, in shootin' me you would split a broken bone of an enemy with great suddenness, but you would never, never shoot your son —your son-in-law! ee ha, ha, ha!"

While Fred was delivering this long, emotional, but good-natured speech, the old man's thin lips kept working. He couldn't restrain a grim smile at the conclusion, but he collected his stern forces again, and said:

"You can't laugh me down, suh. I've swore it and nobody ever heard of old Ben Pitchford a-tellin' a lie, much less swearin' one. I'll kill you if you steal my gal!"

The lines of decision were stretched tightly in the stern old face. His black eyes glittered like new dirks.

"I'd like to know," returned the young man, seriously now, but with no resentment in his look or tone, "I'd like to know, Major Pitchford, what you've got against me? In what way have I ever offended you? I swear I am good enough for your daughter. I don't think any man is. But I think I can say, without being egotistical, that I am as good, in any light you want to look at me, as any other young man in these hills. Now, you know what I say is true. Now, tell me—give me one intelligent reason for your opposition to me."

"You know without me tellin' you," spake the old fellow, in low tones, emphasizing with his eyes.

"Indeed I do not," protested the young man.

"You don't know, eh, that there has been a Pitchford-Peterson feud for fifty years or more?" growled the old fellow, with a grim mockery.

"Yes," said Fred, "I knew of the feud—but that is not an intelligent reason for your opposition."

"It hain't, eh?"

"No, sir; it might be good enough for brawny, hairy beasts, but—beg your pardon—not for civilized people."

"Then I am a savage—a beast?"

"Not altogether by any means, sir; but you show the traits of one, if you are eternally disposed to keep alive safagn, bonsily practices."

"Your heer—what of him?"

"He's in the same boat with you, if he wants to continue this abominable feud. Both of you are good enough in your way —but you have some ways that fit you more for the Black Forest than for the sun plains of the nineteenth century. There is too much of the claw and fang about both of you. The next generation will find the claw and fang extinct in both families!"

"Do you mean to tell me, Fred Peterson, that you haven't a secret fang, eager to sink into my flesh, and that your likin' for my gal alone keeps it out? Answer that!"

"Certainly, in easy, am a grizzly bear of the Transylvania university."

"Pitchford only wraps the fang with silk."

"It pinches not the fang."

"Your great-grandfather killed mine."

"Your father killed mine."

"An uncle of yours killed my brother."

"A brother of yours killed my uncle."

"Forty corpses lay along the track of that feud."

"Yes, forty."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"It is a high time to stop it. Yes, I think it's time to cut down the old tree that has caused so much fruit of blood and death, and make a wedding bonfire of the branches! That's just what Betty and I propose to do. We decided, long ago, before we graduated, that we'd close the book of the feud. Don't you believe me?"

"You and Betty made it up to get hallowed over some rough old parents among the smooth crowd down to the Bluegrass?" spoke the old man, his upper lip curling.

"We decided that your feudal laws were a little bit obsolete—that they had been left behind by the highlanders of civilization. We love our parents—we pity, as well as reverence, our forefathers, who were loyal subjects of a beastly code, but we don't love their mistakes, we refuse to shut our eyes to obtain their blindness. Now, you shall have the situation, and all your threats shall not prevail against us. If you had an intelligent reason to urge on your daughter why she shouldn't marry me, I would submit, but as long as you can only point to an ancient pool of blood as a reason why there should be no future foundation of love and peace, I shall ignore all your opposition. I will marry Betty if we both live."

"You can't get my consent, suh!"

"I shan't ask it."

"And if you steal her, by heaven—remember your word—I will kill you!"

The two men instantly separated, each going his opposite way.

Fred Peterson was moving along the road with a long, graceful stride. The birds strove to match him with song; the brook leaped up and shouted with merriment, but suddenly it encountered the brown road ahead with many vivid colors, but he heard nothing, saw nothing. His mind was turned inward where a great conflict was raging.

"I will have her, I will have her before another month!" he ejaculated.

"Of course you will!" cried a sweet, merry voice from the side of the road. "Of course you will, or I'll sue you for breach of promise!"

The young man started from his reverie as if struck by a deep bay a pistol shot. He looked in the direction of the voice and, standing there, was a wood nymph, calico clad, standing laughing at his consternation.

"Why, Betty, what are you doing there?" laughed the handsome man, moving toward her.

"Listening to your vows. But why do you want to marry me when you don't you know they run everywhere?"

"Well, I'll try to call all nature to witness, you see. But your papa begs leave to differ with me. He says I shall never marry you—that I will never give his consent."

"But I've given mine."

"We can't marry at home."

"Greta Green it must be, I."

"He says he will kill me if I steal you."

"And he would keep his word if he said it."

"Then, what are we to do?"

"Marry in secret. I'm in a hurry now, and have no time to talk and plan with you. Kiss me."

"One kiss, please."

"Not one, sir."

"Oh, please."

"Well, there," and she kissed her finger tips, threw them toward him and fled.

That night, as Fred Peterson lay in his bed room, tossing to and fro—too wide awake to sleep, striving, with all his glowing fancies, to formulate a plan by which he could obtain his heart's treasure and at the same time escape it, he was startled by a tight tap on the window. He listened intently, and the tap was repeated —this time much loud. He rose up to a sitting posture and listened again. Some time elapsed, then another rap on the pane. He couldn't be mistaken now. Some one was at the window. He rose, procured his revolver, and slipped cautiously to the window. The night was quite dark, but his eyes vaguely outlined a figure outside.

"Who's out there? What is wanted?" he called.

"You are wanted," came back in mysterious tones.

"Who are you?"

"Raise the window and see."

"It's too dark to see."

"Then hear and feel."

"I fear the deceiver."

"The burglar doesn't want much."

"What does the deceiver want?"

"Only you."

He turned the window and cautiously thrust out his head.

He couldn't see a face, but two soft, warm arms accidentally ran against his own. And two arms that he thought he recognized as around his neck—all by accident.

"Get on your things, darling," said a voice in tones affectedly masculine. "Come quick, dear, before your stern old father learns us. Come, my heart, my dear, darling, but—ha, ha—there is no time to lose. Two gallant steeds await us around the brick—all by accident."

"Oh, er—I fear"—hesitated Fred.

"True love knows no fear," spoke the one on the outside, half appealing, half commanding, adding, in half serious, half laughing tones, while the day crouches under the eastern veil, while yet upon the earth the midnight press the leaden fingers of deep sleep. Soon the bird of dawning will herald with the damp dark with its long, high notes. Come, sweet creature, come away and let's be one ere another day dawns."

Fred hesitated no longer, but hastily dressed and, passing through the open window, landing in the odorous embrace of his nocturnal visitant.

A soft, warm palm embraced his fingers, and an eager, sweet voice said, "Come, and be quick."

A few seconds later, Major Tom Peterson, mighty of frame, heard a most violent volley of hoots on the road, wondered what it could mean, then resumed his sleep.

At about ten o'clock of the morning of the late of strange parade Major Tom Peterson was sitting out on his veranda, cleaning up his trusty rifle, when he heard round out yet that his son Fred was not in his room. The latter, of late, kept no regular hours, and the father didn't even know whether the son had come in or not. He continued wiping the last vestige of dirt from barrel and hammer he casually cast his eyes down the road, and beheld his enemy by inheritance coming toward his house with a furious stride. He now ran up and assumed a questioning attitude, as he had never had a visit from the foe. Then he saw the latter was white from some awful passion.

Up to the front gate came Major Pitchford and commanded his enemy "to step out."

"Must I bring this?" queried Peterson, tapping his gun.

"No, suh, not now, suh. Come heah this minute, suh."

Peterson went out and white he was approaching the gate Pitchford, with a sorrowful hand, drew a piece of paper from his pocket, and reached it toward the former, commanding:

"Read this, suh, and tell me what we'll do about it, suh!"

Major Peterson read the following:

"Dearest Papa—I learned today that you had taken an oath to kill my Fred if he stole me and ran off with me. I know you well enough to know you would not break that oath. What was I to do? Could I give him up? Of course not! Would I allow my husband shot before my eyes by my own father? Certainly not! What must I do? What could I do? Well, good sense came to my rescue, and I decided to steal Fred! Before you read this I will have stolen him, but will be given a legal right to have the stolen goods returned to my daughter.

"BETTIE."

Major Peterson stood a moment, stunned with awe. Then he burst into a loud laugh.

"Well, major; we're in a neat trap! But I shan't kill your daughter, suh, for stealing my son, suh! My voice in this: I'll break my gun and bless my daughter. What do you propose to do, suh?"

The old man's face was dark for a moment, then mirth struck it and shattered it into smiles.

"By george, major; I'll snap my bowie and bless my son, suh!"

"Give me your hand. This marriage of our children, suh!"

"Divorces the feud, forever, suh!"

### Pointed Paragraphs.

The real proof of the pudding is in the digesting.

When a man fails he tries to make a virtue of necessity.

The poker-playing physician is sure of an occasional call.

Truth is mighty; but fortunately a lot of it can be suppressed.

A progressive St. Louis woman uses the telephone in making social calls.

Two heads may be better than one, but one head is sometimes better than two.

"Life is but an empty dream"—especially to the poet who goes to bed supperless.

### Of Scientific Interest.

"They have cut pipes now with electricity."

"Yes. I wonder how it would work on a Boston girl?"

MORGAN & WRIGHT TIRE
$8.25 to $23.75
SEND ONE DOLLAR
CUT THIS OUT and SEND to-day
MORGAN & WRIGHT'S
Highest-Grade, one year guaranteed, pneumatic Tire, for $8.25 to $23.75. Each tire is made of best selected rubber tread, finest 3-piece Sea Island cotton fabric, finest crystal steel adjustable bearings throughout. Wheels. Rovers in best black enamel and ball-bearing throughout. Adjustable handle bars, with rubber grips. Chain, Garden padded saddle, front handle bar nuts, up or down bars. Hyatt's anti-friction, ball-bearing, roller chain. Pedals, best rat-trap, with rubber tread. Mudguards, best quality, full length, with braces. Stands, detachable, of steel or aluminum. All bicycles carefully packed and shipped on receipt of $1.00 as a SHOWING ONE-FOURTH GUARANTEE with every bicycle. If you do not find it equal to other $100.00 wheels, RETURN IT, and we will refund your $1.00 and pay express charges both ways. Our $8.25 Striped, $11.75 and $16.95 Fully Equipped Models are the best wheels ever offered for the money. Any of these wheels sent C. O. D. for $1.00 and express charges, with privilege of examination before paying balance. Write for our FREE BICYCLE CATALOGUE, giving our entire line up to $23.75, WHICH WE SELL DIRECT TO RIDER AT WHOLESALE PRICES. ORDER QUICK, AS THIS IS A SPECIAL OFFER, and we may not have another opportunity to make you such a low price. Cycles, Sundries & Parts are the equal of any $100.00 machine. Send for our FREE CATALOGUE. MORGAN & WRIGHT, 74 to 80 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.


TEA SET FREE
56 PIECES.
Full size for family use, beautifully decorated in colors and gold, 56 pieces. You can get this handsome china tea set in one dozen lots of your friends and neighbors. Send us your name and address and we will send you 12 of our Vanilla Extract, Lemon, Almond, Rose, Cinnamon, Peppermint, Wintergreen, Nutmeg, Coffee and Baking Powder, to sell at 10 cents per bottle or can. When sold send us the money and we will send you the tea set, freight paid. Remember, you do not send us a penny in advance, but only after you have sold the goods and received the money. We trust you with the goods because we want you to become acquainted with the merits of our extracts and baking powder. Every housekeeper will want them after once using them. Write us to-day and we will send you the goods by return mail. Address, AMERICAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Dept. 3 80 West 13th St., NEW YORK CITY.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

## LURED BY LOVE.

(Continued from page seven.)

Granny West and taking the wan and wasted figure of the sick girl in his arms to her sob out her grief and joy.

The next day Annie Peterson and Charley Marsh were buried, and never before or since has Brickville seen such a crowd or attended the funerals of those who misguided young heroines.

A few weeks after, when Beasie was fully recovered, she was led to the altar by the man she loved, and they settled down in Brickville to live.

Dr. Burris' practice was large from the start. The community which had so wronged him now tried to make amends to him and his beautiful wife.

Marshal Westlake's heroic actions in connection with the case, his theories of the guilt of the principals, as related by Dr. Smith and Judge Jenkins became the talk of the community, and won him much renown. In fact a few years after he moved to Chicago and to due time was given a place on the detective force of that city.

The series of tragedies that had so stirred the little town seemed a matter of the conversation of the villagers, but no one will ever forget them, and least of all Dr. Burris and his wife, who keep flowers always growing on the grave of misguided, beautiful Annie Peterson.

(The end.)

### A Terrible Awakening.

Husband (at breakfast)—I had an awful dream last night.

Wife—What was it, John?

Husband—I dreamed that your mother was out riding and the horses ran away. Just as they approached a railroad crossing with a shoer decidity of 500 feet—

Wife (indignantly)—John, that was awful!

Husband—I woke up and found it was all a dream. It was simply terrible.


# To Ledger Readers.

The publishers of the CHICAGO LEDGER wish to call attention to the fact that this periodical is distinctly in the line of Progress. As a purveyor of Romance and Entertaining Literature it has no superior. No other American weekly prints such stories as will appear in the LEDGER. No other periodical devoted to fiction and humor goes to the expense of using color work quarterly in its pages, as is done in THE LEDGER. The excellence manifest in the quality of the stories published, and this improvement will continue. The new form of the LEDGER, sixteen pages instead of eight, makes it convenient to preserve the fascinating novels which appear in its pages, that you may read and your friends. We have agents selling THE LEDGER in thousands of towns. If there is not an agent in your community we would be glad to have you subscribe, sending us One Dollar and receiving in return a number of back numbers of all story papers we publish, and throughout the year, or if you prefer, you may secure it by sending us the name and address of boys who will be glad to act as agents for selling THE LEDGER, and we will appoint one of them our agent and he will find PROFITABLE WORK if you regularly order from us. We cannot promise no numbers secure us a boy who agrees to sell THE LEDGER and SATURDAY BLADE every Saturday and send in his name at once; thus you may be sure of regular and subsequent issues of the paper. In order that you do not wish to miss any of the chapters in stories now running in these papers and commence to make you the latest issue, we will send a sample piece we desire an agent in your town all the time.

This offer is made to those who cannot get THE LEDGER by reason of us not having an agent to bring the paper to them each week. Of course those who are receiving THE LEDGER and BLADE by regular agents will not be interested in this. To such patrons and friends we wish to express our thanks, and assure them that the CHICAGO LEDGER will spare no expense or pains to continue to be, as it has for twenty-six years, the foremost story paper in the United States. Our present purpose is to arrange so that all may receive THE LEDGER. This can be done by your either sending in $1.00 for a year's subscription, or by recommending several boys whom you think would make good agents or securing an agent for us. We will attend to the rest if you will but send us the names. Address,

**Chicago Ledger, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.**

# INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 324

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by your druggist to CURE Tobacco Habit.

5,000 want to marry; many rich. Big Hits and Miss. Free. Box 754, Flint, Michigan.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CARDS. FOR 1895. 50 Sample Styles Premium Outfit and Catalogue, 2c. stamp.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

C. S. A. MONEY Circulars FREE. Address Wayne Supply Co., Goshen, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

25c. Gold WATCH or BICYCLE 25c.
Sells Watches, Bicycles, Guns, Rifles, Novelties. Wayne Supply Co., Lock Box 154, Goshen, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FOR CRAZY WORK Fifteen packs silk in colors, sent by mail, postpaid, for 10c. to cover. EMPIRE SILK CO., Dept. 11, Orange, N. J.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

NO HAIR NO PAY.
We guarantee to grow hair on the baldest head without a particle of moisture. Call or write for circulars. PROF. B. E. ALLEN & CO., 163 Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SOME BARGAINS CHEAPEST PLACE ON EARTH TO BUY. 20 lbs. Rose Pearls, 50c.; Rose Jumbo Pearls, 40c. Flamed Overshirts, 35. Stocking Tobacco, per lb., 25c. Snuff, 50c. 10 heavy cowhide soles, $1.00. Fish Hooks, No. 1 to 12, Sackfuls, 50c. Pipes, 25c. Fish Nets, Seines, Tents, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Watches, Clocks, Violins, Organs, Sewing Machines, Bicycles, Harness, Saddles, Etc. Send for Price List. C. A. WILLARD COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GO IN BUSINESS
with the undersigned. We guarantee to teach a trade in 6 WEEKS and pay you $60 MONTHLY. Write to MOLER Barber College Department A, New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, or Minneapolis.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BOYS' Paper Free.
If you will send us the names of five or six bright boys between 14 and 18 years of age, giving their addresses, we will send you a copy of THE STAR for 2 months free. Be careful to give the address of boys that like to read a good, lively PAPER. Address as above, plainly, THE STAR, Box 858, Oak Park, Ill.

MENDING TISSUE
The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton, linen, kid gloves, rubber goods, oil cloth, umbrellas, horsehair, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parkesburg, Pa.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

2 CENTS.
We will send for a two-cent Postage Stamp a sample of Dirk Triple Silver-plated Ladies' Shell Pin, or Gentleman's Scarf Pin. The Famous Lucky Star Puzzle, and our Catalogue. Don't miss chance. Sample, by mail, Two Cents. Address
LYNN & CO., 48 BOND ST., NEW YORK.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

SILK DRESS FREE
A reliable firm of patentees of new and valuable specialties for the household, wishing to introduce them quickly into every home in the world, will give away 10,000 Dress Patterns, consisting of 12 yards of elegant Black Brocade Silk, absolutely free to any reliable person who will send for full name of their nearest express office. Please to say in what paper you saw this advertisement. Address HOUSE & CO., 163 Fleet Building Co., N. Y. City. P. O. Box 1500. Mention paper. Correspondence if desired. Cut this out, as we will not repeat the offer.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

Ladies' and Gents' Size
A GIFT AT THE PRICE,
Only 10 cents. Postage stamps taken. Send for one. It is not new fangled or upon the "fake" order, but a solid gold finished watch, stem wind and set, and a perfect timekeeper, handsomely finished stem wind back to the most popular design of the day, and will be sent to you for 10 cents. After a short period it will be prized as much as a solid gold watch costing $50. Remember, we do not ask you $50 for it, but only 10 cents, and we will send it to you for that amount. But remember this and get them while they last. Only one watch to a customer. Send to-day. Address, Dept. 11, THE CHICAGO WATCH CO., 19 Washington St., CHICAGO. We will be glad to call your attention to the fact that we have a large stock of fine watches, diamonds, jewelry, silverware, etc., which we are selling at prices that astonish everybody. Write us for anything you want in the line of jewelry, and we will be pleased to quote you prices. Our goods are all warranted as represented, and we refer to any bank or business house in Chicago as to our reliability. Our new illustrated catalogue, containing over 1,000 illustrations of goods in which we deal, is now ready. Send for it. It will be mailed free to any address. Address, THE CHICAGO WATCH CO., 19 Washington St., CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.


# THE PASSING SHOW.

## The Right of a Wife.

The common law which formerly governed marital rights in this country has undergone more changes than any other, and by a recent Supreme court decision in Indiana takes another forward step. The law used to regard the husband and wife as one, but the husband as that one.

But all that has been changed in most of the states by statutes which have left little of the common law in force. The case in point is peculiarly interesting by reason chiefly of its broad application. The husband kept a shoe store in which his wife worked as clerk or saleswoman for $7.50 a week and saved and invested her money. When the amount of her savings reached $1,600 her husband's business fell off, and she loaned money to him until all was gone. Then he made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors. He also owed his wife one year's wages, making her claim $2,313. The assignee refused to pay her because he said that a husband could not make a valid contract to pay his wife for her services. The Circuit court gave judgment against the plaintiff on this ground, but the Appellate court reversed the judgment, saying that had the services been of a domestic character then there would be no consideration to support the contract. That would be against public policy. But the labor performed by the appellant was not of that character. She was under no obligation to leave her home and clerk for her husband, and she did so under contract that she should be paid for it. The money which was paid to her and which passed again into his possession was also of that contract, and her claim for it all is good.

This reasoning grows out of justice and common sense. The wife gets what is due her and the creditors are not injured, for they are no worse off than if the husband had employed a stranger instead of his wife to work in his store.

## People Talked About.

Lord Salisbury was the first English premier to visit Australia.

E. C. Stedman is a rabid suburbanite and has for a neighbor, in Bronxville, Will H. Lowe, the artist.

A newly-published letter of Robert Louis Stevenson's, in Scribner's Magazine, says: "I am glad to say that, among all my queasy, troublesome feelings, I have not a sensitive vanity."

Senator Hoar, while speaking, constantly jingles a bunch of keys; Senator Jones of Arkansas twirls a key attached to a bit of tape; Senator Tillman juggles his glasses, and Senator Chilton keeps his glasses on his forehead above his eyes.

The friends of General "Joe" Wheeler say that he would eagerly welcome orders assigning him to duty in Manila. Should such a lucky befall him he would be accompanied to the east by his daughter. Miss Annie Early Wheeler, who won distinction as a nurse in Cuba, the while her father added to his fame as a fighter.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, the author of the popular book, "Self-Help," is in a very feeble condition. He is now nearly 80 years of age, and has been for some time failing in health. He rarely receives any one except his most intimate friends and relatives, and is, to use his own words, "preparing for the great and inevitable change."

## Regulating Cabs.

London's crowded streets have been relieved by a new police order directing cabmen to drive into the nearest side street as soon as they have discharged their passengers. No empty cabs are allowed on the main thoroughfares. The rule keeps the streets clearer, but the cabmen object that they miss many customers, and the Londoners that they can no longer find cabs where they want them most.

## A License for Drinkers.

A bill introduced in the Michigan legisla-

1. The Widow—Just put on my husband's tombstone something plain, a hand pointing with the words "Gone Home."

2. He followed instructions.

ture provides for the licensing of persons who wish to use intoxicating liquors as a beverage. In order to distribute the burden of the proposed tax equitably it should be a discriminating one. A license to drink beer with one's meals should be less than the tariff on what is popularly termed a "high old time." Then it takes less to make some people drunk than it does others. The schedule should take this into account. The man who borrows another man's license and disgraces it should be punished severely. The only way to make the maliet operative would be to attach coupons to each license. There are people in Michigan, however, who would have to carry this kind of a license around in a large-sized grippack.

## Golden Skaters.

Skates made of gold are popular in St. Petersburg. One lady had the blades of her skates inlaid with diamonds. Skates set with pearls and precious stones have also been in fashion.

## An Unimpressive Performance.

It appears that torchlight processions and brass bands are not essential to a presidential election in France.


# I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
Prof. W. H. PEERE, P.D., 96 Cedar St., N.Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER — Best Published — FREE. F. W. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

"ALL COONS LOOK ALIKE TO ME" — A Laughable Picture. Sent to Any Address for 10c. Stamps. Address, THE CHICAGO LITHOGRAPH CO., 163 Washington St., Chicago.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FILL YOUR OWN TEETH 75th Dentifrice. Instructions free. Wonderful Discovery. Sample Free. Oswego, Ill.

MOTHERS Your Children cured or Refunded. Mother's Friend Free. Write F. E. MAY, Bloomington, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

WHIPS Direct from Factory to User. Buggy Whips, 90c. doz. Best 2 in. buggy whip, $1.00 doz. Send 6 cts. for Illustrated Whips. U. S. Whip Co., 154 Franklin st., Chicago
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

BICYCLE COUPON SHEET the conditions of which entitles the holder to delivery, at his home and within the limits of the United States, of a Bicycle, Sundries, etc., free of charge, or other premiums, at a trifling cost for postage. Free Sporting Cards, Atlas Supply Co., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

140 Gilt Edge Cards, Love, Transparent, Escort & Hidden Name Cards, 10 Styles Agents' Sample Book, 25 Fine Puzzles, Games, Tricks, Secrets, Etc. Finest Premium Outfit ever offered. Agents Wanted Everywhere. All for 10c. Stamps. OHIO CARD CO., Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

CARDS
Gilt Edge Transparent, Escort, Hidden Name, Floral, Motto, Etc. 10 Styles Agents' Sample Book, 25 Fine Puzzles, Games, Tricks, Secrets, Etc. Finest Premium Outfit ever offered. Agents Wanted Everywhere. All for 10c. Stamps. OHIO CARD CO., Ohio.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

FREE to EXPECTANT MOTHERS
Full Instructions about preparation for confinement, etc. Avoid suffering. Insure safety. Book sent free. Address, MOTHER'S FRIEND, DEPT. 11, BUFFALO, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

GREIDER'S FINE CATALOGUE
of Seeds, Bulbs, Plants, Etc., for 1895, is now ready. It is handsomely illustrated and contains a full list of the best varieties of vegetables and flowers for the farm and garden, with prices, descriptions and directions for planting and culture. Mailed free to all applicants. Send for it. Address
H. H. GREIDER, FLORIN, PA.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE
Gold and Silver Ore Finder. Locates Hidden Treasures, Mines, Etc. Sent by mail, 25c. Agents Wanted. J. S. AGENCY, PALMYRA, PA.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

H.C.B. A wonderful preparation that will force a moustache on the smoothest face in 19 days. 4000 testimonials. If you want one, send 10 cents for postage etc. to
H.C.B. MANUFACTURING CO.
218 S. Second, Providence, R. I.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

VERY STYLISH CYPSY RING.
Very heavy and set with solid gold mount, setting in good and handsome design, and has a fine brilliant white stone set, with two beautiful, brilliant Parisian Diamonds and two Rubies, Sapphire or Emerald. Mailed to any address for 25 cents. Send size by WOOLEN STRIP. Warranted to wear 5 years. Value of ring, $2.50. Send size of finger.
THE BARRIOS DIAMOND CO., 1181-1183 BROADWAY, N. Y.
When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger

PRINTING OUTFIT, 10c
We now send our famous Boy's Printer for 10c. postpaid as a premium to introduce our gorgeous Has 2 A. Font of Type, type-holder, Printing Outfit, Tweezers, Rule, Reglet, Leads, Quoins, Composing stick, Mallet, Ink, Sponge, Ink Roller, Chase, Galley, Tablet, Ink Eraser, Key, Tongs, Ink Knife, Ink Slab, Punch, Paper Cutter, Screw Driver